

# A KING AND NO KING.

Acted at the *Black-Fryars*, by his  
MAJESTIES Servants.

And now the fourth time printed, according  
to the true Copie.

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& { Gent.  
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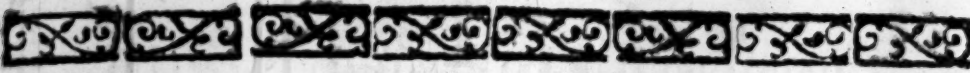
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The STATIONER to  
DRAMATOPHILUS.

*A Play and no Play, who this Booke shall read,  
Will judge, and weepe, as if 'twere done indeed.*

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LONDON,  
Printed by E. G. for *William Leake*, and are to be sold  
at his shop in Chancery-lane, neere unto the  
Rowles. 1639.



## The Personated Persons.

*Arbaces*, King of Iberia.

*Tigranes*, King of Armeni-

*Gobrias*, Lord Protector, and Father of *Arbaces*.

*Bacurins*, another Lord.

*Mardonius*, } Two Captaines.

*Bessus*,

*Lygones*, Father of *Spaconia*.

Two Gentlemen.

Three Men and a Woman.

*Philip*, a servant, and two Citizens wives.

A Messenger.

A servant to *Bacurins*.

Two Sword-men.

A Boy.

*Arane*. } The Queenes Mother.

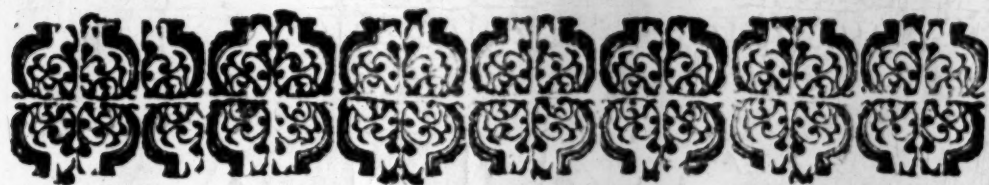
*Panthea*. } Her daughter.

*Spaconia*. } A Lady, daughter of *Lygones*.

*Mandane*. } A waiting-woman, and other attendants.



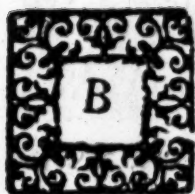




# A KING, AND NO KING.

*Enter Mardonius and Bessus, two Captaines.*

*Mardonius.*



*Bessus*, the King haz made a faire hand on't, he haz ended the wars at a blow, would my sword had a close basket hilt to hold wine, and the blade would make knives, for we shall have nothing but eating and drinking.

*Bes.* We that are Commanders shall doe well enough.

*Mar.* Faith *Bessus*, such Commanders as thou may, I had as lieve set thee Perdue for a pudding i'th darke, as *Alexander* the great.

*Bes.* I love these jests exceedingly.

*Mar.* I thinke thou lov'st 'em better then quarrelling *Bessus*, ile say so much i'thy behalfe, and yet thou'rt valiant enough upon a retreat, I thinke thou wouldst kill any man that stopt thee if thou couldst.

*Bes.* But was not this a brave combate *Mardonius*?

*Mar.* Why, didst thou see't?

*Bes.* You stood wi' me.

*Mar.* I did so, but me thought thou winkst every blow they strooke.

*Bes.* Well, I believe there are better souldiers then I, that never saw two Princes fight in lists.

*Mar.* By my troth I thinke so too *Bessus*, many a thousand, but certainly all that are worse then thou have scene as much.

*Bes.* T was bravely done of our King.

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*Mar.* Yes, if he had not ended the warres : I'me glad thou dar'st talke of such dangerous busineses.

*Bes.* To take a Prince prisoner in the heart of's own Countrey in single combat.

*Mar.* See how thy blood curdles at this, I thinke thou couldst be contented to be beaten i' this passion.

*Bes.* Shall I tell you truly? *Mar.* I.

*Bes.* I could willingly venter for't.

*Mar.* Um, no venter neither *Bessus*.

*Bes.* Let mee not live, if I doe not thinke 'tis a braver piece of service then that I'me so fam'd for.

*Mar.* Why, art thou fam'd for any valour?

*Bes.* Fam'd, I, I warrant you.

*Mar.* I'me cenc heartily glad on't, I have beene with thee ere since thou camst to th' warres, and this the first word that ever I heard on't, prethee who fames thee.

*Bes.* The Christian world.

*Mar.* 'Tis heathenishly done of 'em, in my conscience thou deserv'st it not.

*Bes.* Yes, I ha'done good service.

*Mar.* I doe not know how thou mayst waite of a man in's Chamber, or thy agility of shifing of a trencher, but otherwise no service good *Bessus*.

*Bes.* You saw me doe the service your selfe.

*Mar.* Not so hasty sweet *Bessus*, where was it, is the place vanish'd?

*Bes.* At *Bessus* despr'ate redemption.

*Mar.* At *Bessus* desp'rate redemption, wher's that?

*Bes.* There where I redeem'd the day, the place beares my name.

*Mar.* Pray thee, who Christned it? *Bes.* The Souldiers.

*Mar.* If I were not a very merily dispos'd man, what would become of thee : one that had but a graine of choller in the whole composition of his body, would send thee of an errand to the wormes, for putting thy name upon that field : did not I beate thee there i' th head, with troopes with a trunchion, because thou wouldst needs run away with thy company, when we should charge the enemy.

*Bes.*

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*Bes.* True, but I did not runne.

*Mar.* Right *Bessus*, I beate thee out on't.

*Bes.* But came I not up when the day was gone, and re-deem'd all?

*Mar.* Thou knowest, and so doe I, thou meanest to flie, and thy feare making thee mistake, thou ranst upon the enemy, and a hot charge thou gav'st, as ile doe thee right, thou art furious in running away, and I thinke, wee owe thy feare for our victory; If I were the King, and were sure thou wouldst mistake alwaies and runne away upon th'enemy, thou shouldst be Generall by this light.

*Bes.* Youle never leave this till I fall foule.

*Mar.* No more such words deare *Bessus*, for though I have ever knowne thee a coward, and therefore durst never strike thee, yet if thou proceedst, I will allow thee valiant, and beate thee.

*Bes.* Come, our King's a brave fellow.

*Mar.* He is so *Bessus*, I wonder how thou camst to know it. But if thou wer't a man of understanding, I would tell thee, he is vaine-glorious, and humble, and angry, and patient, and merry and dull, and joyfull and sorrowfull in extremity in an houre: Doe not thinke mee thy friend for this, for if I carde who knew it, thou shouldst not heare it *Bessus*, Here he is with his prey in his foote.

*Enter &c. Senet Flourish.*

*Enter Arbaces and Tigranes, two Kings and two Gentlemen.*

*Arb.* Thy sadnesse brave *Tigranes* takes away  
From my full victory, am I become  
Of so small fame, that any man should grieve  
When I orecome him? They that plac'd me here,  
Intended it an honour large enough,  
For the most valiant living; but to dare  
Oppose me single, though he lost the day,  
What should afflict you, you are free as I,  
To be my prisoner, is to be more free  
Then you were formerly, and never thinke  
The man I held worthy to combat me



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Shall be us'd servily : Thy ranfome is  
To take my onely sister to thy wife,  
A heavie one *Tigranes*, for she is  
A Lady, that the neighbour Princes send  
Blacks to fetch home, I have beene too unkinde  
To her *Tigranes*, she but nine yeeres old  
I left her, and nere saw her since, your Warres  
Have held me long and taught me, though a youth,  
The way to victory, she was a pretty child,  
Then I was little better, but now fame  
Cries loudly on her, and my messengers  
Make me believe she is a miracle ;  
Shee'l make you shrink, as I did with a stroke,  
But of her eye *Tigranes*.

*Tigr.* Is't the course of *Iberia* to use their prisoners thus ?  
Had Fortune throwne my name above *Arbaces*,  
I should not thus have talk'd sir, in *Armenia*,  
We hold it base, you should have kept your temper  
Till you saw home againe, where 'tis the fashion  
Perhaps to bragge.

*Arb.* Be you my witnesse earth, need I to bragge,  
Doth not this captive Prince speake  
Me sufficiently, and all the Acts  
That I have wrought upon his suffering Land;  
Should I then boast ! where lies that foote of ground  
Within his whole Realme, that I have not past,  
Fighting and conquering ; Farre then from me  
Be ostentation, I could tell the world  
How I have laid his Kingdome desolate  
By this sole Arme prop't by Divinity,  
Script him out of his glories, and have sent  
The pride of all his youth to people graves,  
And made his Virgins languish for their Loves,  
If I would brag, should I that have the power  
To teach the Neighbour world humility  
Mixe with vaine-glory :

*Mar.* Indeed this is none.

*Arb. Tigranes.* Nay did I but take delight  
To stretch my deeds as others doe, on words,

I could

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I could amaze my hearers.

*Mar.* So you doe.

*Arb.* But he shall wrong his and my modesty,  
That thinks me apt to boast after any A&  
Fit for a good to doe upon his foe,  
A little glory in a souldiers mouth  
Is wel-becoming, be it farre from vaine.

*Mar.* Tis pity that valour should be thus drunke.

*Arb.* I offer you my sister, and you answere  
I doe insult, a Lady that no suite  
Nor treasure, nor thy Crowne could purchase thee,  
But that thou fought'st with me.

*Tigr.* Though this be worse  
Then that you spake before, it strikes me not;  
But that you thinke to over-grace me with  
The marriage of your sister, troubles me,  
I would give worlds for ransomes were they mine,  
Rather then have her.

*Arb.* See if I insult

That am the Conquerour, and for a ransom  
Offer rich treasure to the Conquered,  
Which he refuses, and I beare his scorne:  
It cannot be selfe-flattery to say,  
The daughters of your Countrey set by her,  
Would see their shame, runne home and blush to death,  
At their owne foulness; yet she is not faire,  
Nor beautifull, those words expresse her not,  
They say her lookes have something excellent,  
That wants a name: yet were she odious,  
Her birth deserves the Empire of the world,  
Sister to such a brother, that hath tane  
Victory prisoner, and throughout the earth,  
Carries her bound, and should he let her loose,  
Shee durst not leave him; Nature did her wrong,  
To print continuall conquest on her cheekes,  
And make no man worthy for her to taste,  
But me that am too neere her, and as strangely  
Shee did for me, but you will thinke I bragge.

*Mar.* I do ile besworne. Thy valour and thy passions sever'd,  
would

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would have made two excellent fellowes in their kinds : I know not whether I should be sorry thou art so valiant, or so passionate, would one of um were away.

*Tygr.* Doe I refuse her that I doubt her worth,  
Were she as vertuous as she would be thought,  
So perfect that no one of her owne sex  
Could finde a want, had shee so tempting faire,  
That she could wish it off for damning soules,  
I would pay any ransome, twenty lives  
Rather then meete her married in my bed,  
Perhaps I have a love, where I have fixt  
Mine eyes not to be mov'd, and shee on me,  
I am not fickle.

*Arb.* Is that all the cause ?  
Thinke you, you can so knit you selfe in love  
To any other, that her searching sight  
Cannot dissolve it ? So before you tride  
You thought your selfe a match for me in fight,  
Trust me *Tigranes*, she can doe as much  
In peace, as I in warre, sheele conquer too,  
You shall see if you have the power to stand  
The force of her swift looks, if you dislike,  
Ile send you home with love, and name your ransome  
Some other way, but if she be your choice,  
Shee frees you : To *Iberia* you must.

*Tigr.* Sir, I have learn'd a prisoners sufferance,  
And will obey, but give me leave to talke  
In private with some friends before I goe.

*Abr.* Some to awaite him forth, and see him safe,  
But let him freely send for whom he please,  
And none dare to disturbe his conference,  
I will not have him know what bondage is. *Exit Tigranes.*  
Till he be free from me, This Prince, *Mardonius*,  
Is full of wisdome, valour, all the graces  
Man can receive.

*Mar.* And yet you conquer'd him.

*Arb.* And yet I conquer'd him, and could have don't  
Hadt thou joyn'd with him, though thy name in Armes



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Be great ; Must all men that are vertuous  
Thinke suddenly to match themselves with me,  
I conquered him, and bravely ; did I not ?

*Bes.* And please your Majestie, I was afraid at first.

*Mar.* When wert thou other ?

*Arb.* Of what ?

*Bes.* That you would not have spy'd your best advantages,  
for your Majesty in my opinion lay too high, me thinks, under  
favour, you should have layne thus.

*Mar.* Like a Taylor at a wake.

*Bes.* And then, if please your Majesty to remember, at one  
time, by my troth, I wisht my selfe wi' you.

*Mar.* By my troth thou wouldst ha' stuncke 'em both out  
o'th Lists.

*Arb.* What to doe ?

*Bes.* To put your Majesty in minde of an occasion ; you lay  
thus, and *Tigranes* falsified a blow at your leg, which you by  
doing thus avoyded ; but if you had whip'd up your leg thus,  
and reach'd him on the eare, you had made the Blood-royall  
runne downe his head.

*Mar.* What Countrey Fence-schoole learn'd that at ?

*Arb.* Pish, did not I take him nobly ?

*Mar.* Why you did, and you have talked enough on't.

*Arb.* Talke enough,

Will you confine my words, by heaven and earth,

I were much better be a King of beasts

Then such a people : if I had not patience

Above a god, I should becal'd a Tyrant

Throughout the world. They will offend to death

Each minute : Let me heare thee speake againe

And thou art earth againe : why this is like

*Tygranes* speech that needs would say I brag'd

*Bessie* he sayd I brag'd. *Bes.* Ha, ha, ha.

*Arb.* Why dost thou laugh ?

By all the world, I'me growne ridiculous

To my owne Subj:cts : Tie me in a chaire

And jest at me, but I shall make a start,

And punish some, that other may take heed

How they are haughty ; who will answere me ?

He said I boasted, speake *Mardonius*,

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Did I? He will not answer, O my temper!  
I give you thanks above, that taught my heart  
Patience, I can endure his silence; what will none  
Vouchsafe to give me answer? am I growne  
To such a poore respect, or doe you meane  
To breake my winde? Speake, speake, some one of you,  
Or else by heaven. *1 Gent.* So please your.

*Arb.* Monstrous,  
I cannot be heard out, they cut me off,  
As if I were too sawcy, I will live  
In woods, and talke to trees, they will allow me  
To end what I begin. The meanest Subject  
Can finde a freedome to discharge his soule  
And not I, now it is a time to speake,  
I hearken. *1 Gent.* May it please.

*Arb.* I meane not you,  
Did not I stop you once? but I am growne  
To balke, but I desie, let another speake.

*2 Gent.* I hope your Majesty.

*Arb.* Thou drawst thy words,  
That I must waite an houre, where other men  
Can heare in instants; throw your words away,  
Quicke, and to purpose, I have told you this.

*Bes.* And please your Majesty.

*Arb.* Wilt thou devoure me? this is such a rudenesse  
As you never shewd me, and I want  
Power to command too, else *Mardonius*  
Would speake at my request; were you my King,  
I would have answered at your word *Mardonius*,  
I pray you speake, and truely, did I boast?

*Mar.* Truth will offend you.

*Arb.* You take all great care what will offend me,  
When you dare to utter such things as these.

*Mar.* You told *Tigranes*, you had won his Land,  
With that sole arme propt by Divinity:  
Was not that bragging, and a wrong to us,  
That daily ventred lives?

*Arb.* O that thy Name

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Were as great as mine, would I had paid my wealth,  
It were as great, as I might combate thee,  
I would through all the Regions habitable  
Search thee, and having found thee, wi' my Sword  
Drive thee about the world, till I had met  
Some place that yet mans curiosity  
Hath mist of; there, there would I strike thee dead:  
Forgotten of Mankind, such funerall rites  
As beasts would give thee, thou shouldst have.

*Bef.* The King rages extreemely, shall we flinke away?  
*Hee'l strike us.*                      2 *Gent.* Content.

*Arb.* There I would make you know 'twas this sole arme,  
I grant you were my instruments, and did  
As I commanded you, but 'twas this arme  
Mov'd you like wheelles, it mov'd you as it pleas'd,  
Whither slip you now? what are you too good  
To waite on me (*puffe*,) I had need have temper  
that rules such people; I have nothing left  
At my owne choyce, I would I might be private:  
Meane men enjoy themselves, but 'tis our curse,  
To have a tumult that out of their loves  
Will waite on us, whether we will or no;  
Goe get you gone: Why here they stand like death,  
My words moves nothing.                      1 *Gent.* Must we goe?

*Bef.* I know not.

*Arb.* I pray you leave me firs, I'me proud of this,  
That you will be intreated from my sight:                      *Exeunt all but*  
Why now they leave me all: *Mardonius.*                      *Arb. and Mar.*

*Mar.* Sir.

*Arb.* Will you leave me quite alone? me thinks  
Civility should teach you more then this,  
If I were but your friend: Stay here and waite.

*Mar.* Sir, shall I speake?

*Arb.* Why, you would now thinke much  
To be denied, but I can scarce intreat  
What I would have: doe, speake.

*Mar.* But will you heare me out?

*Arb.* With me you article to talke thus: well,



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I will heare you out.

*Mar.* Sir, that I have ever lov'd you, my sword hath spoken for me, that I doe, if it be doubted, I dare call an oath, a great one to my witnesse, and were you not my King, from amongst men, I should have chose you out to love above the rest: nor can this challenge thanks: for my owne sake I should have done, because I would have lov'd the most deserving man, for so you are.

*Arb.* Alas *Mardonius*, rise you shall not kneele,  
We all are souldiers, and all venter lives:  
And where there is no difference in mens worths,  
Titles are jeasts, who can out-valew thee?

*Mardonius* thou hast lov'd me, and hast wrong,  
Thy love is not rewarded, but believe  
It shall be better, more then friend in armes,  
My Father, and my Tutor, good *Mardonius*.

*Mar.* Sir, you did promise you would heare me out.

*Arb.* And so I will; speake freely, for from thee  
Nothing can come but worthy things and true.

*Mar.* Though you have all this worth, you hold some qualities that doe Eclipse your vertues.

*Arb.* Eclipse my vertues.

*Mar.* Yes your passions, which are so manifold, that they appeare even in this: vvhhen I commend you, you hug me for that truth: but when I speake your faults, you make a start, and flie the hearing: but.

*Arb.* When you commend me? O that I should live  
To need such commendations: It my deeds  
Blew not my praise themselves about the earth,  
I were most wretched: spare your idle praise:  
If thou didst meane to flatter, and shouldst utter  
Words in my praise, that thou thoughtst impudence,  
My deeds should make 'em modest: when you praise  
I hug you? 'tis so false, that vvert thou vworthy  
Thou shouldst receive a death, a glorious death  
From me: but thou shalt understand thy lies,  
For shouldst thou praise me into heaven, and there  
Leave me inthron'd, I would despise thee though

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As much as now, which is as much as dust,  
Because I see thy envie.

*Mar.* How ever you will use me after, yet for your owne  
promise sake, heare me the rest.

*Arb.* I will, and after call unto the winds,  
For they shall lend as large an eare as I  
To vvhhat you utter : speake.

*Mar.* Would you but leave these hasty tempers, which I  
doe not say take from you all your worth, but darken 'em, then  
you will shine indeed. *Arb.* Well.

*Mar.* Yet I would have you keepe some passions, lest men  
should take you for a god, your vertues are such.

*Arb.* VVhy now you flatter.

*Mar.* I never understood the word, were you no King, and  
free from these moods, should I choose a companion for wit  
and pleasure, it should be you; or for honesty to enterchange  
my bosome with, it should be you; or wisdom to give me  
counsell, I would picke out you; or valour to defend my  
reputation, still I should finde you out; for you are fit to fight  
for all the world; if it could come in question: Now I have  
spoke, consider to your selfe, finde out a use; if so, then what  
shall fall to me is not materiall.

*Arb.* Is not materiall; more then ten such lives,  
As mine *Mardonius* : it was nobly said,  
Thou hast spoke truth, and boldly such a truth  
As might offend another, I have beene  
Too passionate and idle, thou shalt see  
A swift amendment, but I want those parts  
You praise me for : I fight for all the world?  
Give me a sword, and thou wilt goe as farre  
Beyond me, as thou art beyond in yeeres,  
I know thou dar'st and wilt; it troubles me  
That I should use so rough a phrase to thee,  
Impute it to my folly, what thou wilt,  
So thou wilt pardon me, that thou and I  
should differ thus. *Mar.* VVhy 'tis no mater fir.

*Arb.* Faith but it is, but thou dost ever take  
All things I doe, thus patiently, for which

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I never can requite thee, but with love,  
And that thou shalt be sure of. Thou and I  
Have not beene merry lately: pray thee tell me  
Where hadst thou that same jewell i' chine eare?

Mar. Why at the taking of a towne.

Arb. A Wench upon my life, a wench *Mar-*  
*donius* gave thee that jewell.

Mar: Wench, they respect not me, I'me old and rough, and  
every limbe about mee, but that which should, grows stiffer,  
I' those businesses I may sweare I am truly honest: for I pay  
justly for what I take, and would be glad to be at a certainty.

Arb. Why, doe the wenches encroach upon thee?

Mar. I by this light doe they.

Arb. Didst thou sit at an old rent with'em?

Mar. Yes faith.

Arb. And doe they improve themselves?

Mar. I, ten shillings to mee, every new yong fellow they  
come acquainted with.

Arb. How canst live on't?

Mar. Why I thinke I must petition to you:

Arb. Thou shalt take them up at my price.

*Enter two Gentlemen and Bessus.*

Mar. Your price?

Arb. I at the Kings price.

Mar. That may be more then I'me worth.

2 *Gent.* Is he not merry now?

1 *Gent.* I thinke not.

Bes. He is, he is, wee'l shew our selves.

Arb. Bessus, I thought you had beene in *Iberia* by this, I  
bad you haste; *Gobrias* will want entertainment for me.

Bes. And please your Majesty I have a sute.

Arb. Is't not lowlie Bessus, what is't?

Bes. I am to carry a Lady with me.

Arb. Then thou hast two sutes.

Bes. And if I can preferre her to the Lady *Panthea* your Ma-  
j:ties sister, to learne fashions, as her friends tearme it, it will  
be worth something to me.

Arb. So many nights lodgings as tis thither, wilt not?

Bes. I know not that sir, but gold I shall be sure of.

Arb. Why thou shalt bid her entertaine her from me, so thou  
wilt resolve me one thing.

Bes.



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*Bes.* If I can.

*Arb.* Faith 'tis a very disputable question, and yet I thinke thou canst decide it.

*Bes.* Your Majesty haz a good opinion of my understanding.

*Arb.* I have so good an opinion of it: 'tis whether thou be valiant.

*Bes.* Some body haz traduced me to you: doe you see this sword fir.

*Arb.* Yes.

*Bes.* If I doe not make my backe biters eate it to a knife within this weeke, say I am not valiant. *Enter a messenger.*

*Mes.* Health to your Majesty. *Arb.* From *Gobrias*.

*Mes.* Yes fir. *Arb.* How does he, is he well?

*Mes.* In perfect health.

*Arb.* Take that for thy good newes.

A trustier servant to his Prince there lives not,  
Then is good *Gobrias*.

*1 Gent.* The King starts backe.

*Mar.* His blood goes backe as fast.

*2 Gent.* And now it comes againe.

*Mar.* He alters strangely.

*Arb.* The hand of heaven is on me, be it far  
From me to struggle, if my secret finnes  
Have pul'd this curse upon me, lend me teares  
I now to wash me white, that I may feele  
A child-like innocence within my breast;  
Which once perform'd, O give me leave to stand  
As fix'd as constancy her selfe, my eyes  
Set her unmov'd, regardlesse of the World,  
Though thousand miseries incompasse me.

*Mar.* This is strange, fir, how doe you?

*Arb.* *Mardonius*, my mother. *Mar.* Is she dead?

*Arb.* Alas shee's not so happy, thou dost know  
How she hath labour'd since my Father died  
To take by treason hence this loathed life,  
That would but be to serve her, I have pardon'd,  
And pardon'd, and by that have made her fit  
To practise new finnes, not repent the old:  
She now had stir'd a slave to come from thence,

And

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And strike me here, whom *Gubriat* sitting out,  
Tooke and condemn'd and executed there,  
The careful'st servant : Heaven let me but live  
To pay that man ; Nature is poore to me,  
That will not let me have as many deaths  
As are the times that he hath sav'd my life,  
That I might dye 'em over all for him.

*Mar.* Sir let her beare her sins on her owne head,  
Vex not your selfe. *Arb.* What will the World  
Conceive of me ? with what unnaturall fiones  
Will they suppose me loaden, when my life  
Is fought by her that gave it to the world ?  
But yet he wi'es me comfort here, my sister  
He saies is growne in beauty and in grace.  
In all the innocent vertues that become  
A tender spotlesse maid : she staines her cheekes  
With mourning teares to purge her mothers ill,  
And mongst that sacred dew she mingles prayers,  
Her pure Oblations for my safe returne :  
If I have lost the duty of a sonne,  
If any pompe or vanity of state  
Made me forget my naturall offices,  
Nay farther, if I have not every night  
Expostulated with my wandring thoughts,  
If ought unto my parent they have er'd,  
And cal'd 'em backe : doe you direct her arme  
Unto this foule dissembling heart of mine :  
But if I have beene just to her, send out  
Your power to compasse me, and hold me safe  
From searching treason ; I will use no meanes  
But prayer : for rather suffer me to see  
From mine owne veines issue a deadly flood,  
Then wash my danger off with mothers blood.

*Mar.* I neere such sodaine extremities.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Tygranes and Spaconia.*

*Tigr.* Why ? wilt thou have me die *Spaconia*,  
What should I doe ? *Spa.* Nay let me stay alone,  
And when you see *Armenia* againe,

You

## *A King, and no King.*

You shall behold a Tombe more worth then I,  
Some friend that ever lov'd mee or my cause,  
Will build me something to distinguish me  
From other women, many a weeping verse  
He will lay on, and much lament those maides,  
That place their loves unfortunately high,  
As I have done, where they can never reach;  
But why should you goe to *Iberia*?

*Tigr.* Alas, that thou wilt aske me, aske the man  
That rages in a feaver, why he lies  
Distemper'd there, when all the other yoaths  
Are coursing ore the Meadows with their loves?  
Can I resist it? am I not a slave  
To him that conquer'd mee!

*Spa.* That conquer'd thee *Tigranes* he haz won but halfe  
Of thee, thy body, but thy mind may be as free  
As his, his will did never combate thine,  
And take it prisoner, *Tigr.* But if he by force  
Convey my body hence, what helps it me,  
Or thee to be unwilling. *Spa.* O *Tigranes*,  
I know you are to see a Lady there,  
To see, and like I teare: perhaps the hope  
Of her, makes you forget me; ere we part,  
Be happier then you know to wish: farewell.

*Tigr.* *Spaconia*, stay and heare mee what I say,  
In short, Destruction meete mee that I may  
See it, and not avoid it, when I leave  
To be thy faithfull Lover: part with me  
Thou shalt not, there are none that know our love,  
And I gave given gold unto a Captaine  
That goes unto *Iberia* from the King,  
That he will place a Lady of our Land  
With the Kings sister that is offered me;  
Thither shall you, and being once got in  
Perswade her by what subtile meanes you can  
To be as backward in her love as I.

*Spa.* Can you imagine that a longing maid  
When she beholds you, can be pull'd away



## *A King, and no King.*

With words from loving you?

*Tigr.* Dispraise my health,  
My honesty, and tell her I am jealous.

*Spa.* Why, I had rather loose you: can my heart  
Consent to let my tongue throw out such words,  
And I that ever yet spoke what I thought,  
Shall finde it such a thing at first to lie?

*Tigr.* Yet doe thy best.

*Enter Beffus.*

*Bef.* What, is your Majestie ready?

*Tigr.* There is the Lady, Captaine.

*Bef.* Sweet Lady, by your leave, I could wish my selfe more  
full of Courtship for your faire sake.

*Spa.* Sir, I shall feele no want of that.

*Bef.* Lady, you must haste, I have received new letters from  
the King that requires more haste then I expected, he will fol-  
low me sodainly himselfe, and begins to call for your Majestie  
already.

*Tigr.* He shall not doe so long.

*Bef.* Sweet Lady, shall I call you my charge hereafter?

*Spa.* I will not take upon me to governe your tongue sir,  
you shall call me what you please.

### *Actus Secundus.*

*Enter Gobrias, Bacurim, Arane, Panthea, and Mandane,  
Waiting-women with attendants.*

*Gob.* **M**Y Lord *Bacurim*, you must have regard  
unto the Queene, she is your prisoner,  
Tis at your perill if she make escape.

*Bac.* My Lord, I know't, she is my prisoner  
From you committed; yet she is a woman,  
And so I keepe her safe, you will not urge me  
To keepe her close, I shall not shame to say  
I sorrow for her.

*Gob.* So doe I my Lord;  
I sorrow for her, that so little grace  
Doth governe her: that she should stretch her arme  
Against her King, so little woman-hood  
And naturall goodnesse, as to thinke the death  
Of her owne sonne.

*Ara.*

## *A King, and no King.*

*Ara.* Thou knowst the reason why,  
Dissembling as thou art, and wilt not speake.

*Gob.* There is a Lady takes not after you,  
Her father is within her, that good man  
Whose teares waighd downe his sins, marke how she weeps,  
How well it does become her, and if you  
Can finde no disposition in your selfe  
To sorrow, yet by gracefulnesse in her  
Finde out the way, and by your reason weepe :  
All this she does for you, and more she needs  
When for your selfe you will not loose a teare,  
Thinke how this want of grieve discredits you,  
And you will weepe, because you cannot weepe.

*Ara.* You talke to me as having got a time  
Fit for your purpose ; but you know I know  
You speake not what you thinke.

*Pan.* I would my heart  
Were stone, before my softnesse should be urg'd  
Against my mother, a more troubled thought  
No Virgin beares about ; should I excuse  
My mothers fault, I should set light a life  
In loosing which, a brother and a King  
Were taken from me, if I seeke to save  
That life so lov'd, I loose another life  
That gave me being, I shall loose a mother,  
A word of such a sound in a childs care,  
That it strikes reverence through it ; may the will  
Of heaven be done, and if one needs must fall,  
Take a poore Virgins life to answer all.

*Ara.* But *Gobrias* let us talke, you know this fault  
Is not in me as in another mother.

*Gob.* I know it is not.

*Ara.* Yet you make it so.

*Gob.* Why is not all that's past, beyond your helpe ?

*Ara.* I know it is.

*Gob.* Nay should you publish it  
Before the world, thinke you t'wood be beleev'd ?

*Ara.* I know it would not.

*Gob.* Nay should I joyne with you,  
Should we not both be torne, and yet both die

## *A King, and no King.*

Vncredited? *Ara.* I thinke we should.

*Gob.* Why then  
Take you such violent courses? as for me,  
I doe but right in saving of the King  
From all your plots. *Ara.* The King?

*Gob.* I bad you rest with patience, and a time  
Would come for me

To reconcile all to your owne content,  
But by this way you take away my power,  
And what was done unknowne, was not by mee  
But you: your urging being done  
I must preserve my owne, but time may bring  
All this to light, and happily for all.

*Aran.* Accursed be this over curious braine  
That gave that plot a birth, accurst this wombe  
That after did conceive to my disgrace.

*Bac.* My Lord Protector, they say there are divers letters  
come from *Armenia*, that *Bessus* haz done good service, and  
brought againe a day, by his particular valour, receiv'd you  
any to that effect? *Gob.* Yes, 'tis most certaine.

*Bac.* I'm sorry for't, not that the day was won, but that 'twas  
wonne by him: wee held him here a coward, a did me wrong  
once, at which I laughed, and so did all the world, for nor I,  
nor any other held him worth my sword.

*Enter Bessus and Spaconia.*

*Bes.* Health to my Lord Protector; from the King these  
letters: and to your Grace Madam, these.

*Gob.* How does his Majestie?

*Bes.* As well as conquest by his owne means and his valiant  
Commanders can make him; your letters will tell you all.

*Pan.* I will not open mine, till I doe know  
My brothers heahh, good Captaine is hee well?

*Bes.* As the rest of us that fought are.

*Pan.* But how's that? is he hurt?

*Bes.* He's a strange Souldier that gets not a knocke.

*Pan.* I doe not aske how strange that Souldier is.  
That gets no hurt, but whether he have one.

*Bes.* He had divers.

*Pan.*



## *A King, and no King.*

*Pan.* And is he well againe?

*Bes.* Well againe an't please your Grace, why I was runne twice through the body, and shot i'th head with a crosse arrow, and yet am well againe.

*Pan.* I doe not care how thou do'st, is he well?

*Bes.* Not care how I doe? let a man out of the mightinesse of his spirit, fructifie forreine countries with his blood for the good of his owne, and thus hee shall be answered: Why I may live to relieve with speare and shield, such a Lady as you distressed.

*Pan.* Why, I will care, I'm glad that thou art well, I prethee is hee so?

*Gob.* The King is well, and will be here to morrow.

*Pan.* My prayer is heard; now will I open mine.

*Gob. Bacurius,* I must ease you of your charge:  
Madame, the wonted mercie of the King,  
That overtakes your faults, haz met with this,  
And strooke it out, he haz forgiven you freely,  
Your owne will is your Law, be where you please.

*Aran.* I thanke him.

*Gob.* You will be readie  
To wait upon his Majesty to morrow.

*Aran.* I will.

*Exit Arane.*

*Bac.* Madame be wise hereafter:  
I am glad I have lost this office.

*Gob.* Good Captaine *Bessus*, tell us the discourse  
betwixt *Tigranes* and our King, and how we got the victory.

*Pan.* I pre'thee doe, and if my brother were in any danger,  
let not thy tale make him abide there long, before thou bring  
him off, for all that while my heart will beat.

*Bes.* Madame, let what will bear, I must tell the truth, and  
thus it was; they fought single in lists, but one to one; as for  
my owne part, I was dangerously hurt but three daies before,  
else, perhaps, wee had beene two to two, I cannot tell, some  
thought wee had, and the occasion of my hurt was this, the  
enemy had made Trenches.

*Gob.* Captaine, without the manner of your hurt be much  
materiall to this businesse, we'll heare't some other time.

## A King, and no King.

*Pan.* I prithee leave it, and goe on with my brother.

*Bef.* I will, but 'twould be worth your hearing: To the Lists they came, and single sword & gauntlet was their fight.

*Pan.* Alasse.

*Bef.* Without the lists there stood some dozen Captaines of either side wingled, all which were sworne, and one of those was I: and twas my chance to stand next a Captaine oth' enemies side, called *Tiribafus*; Valiant they said he was, whilst these two Kings were stretching themselves, this *Tiribafus* cast something a scornfull looke on mee, and ask't mee whom I thought would overcome: I smild & told him if he would fight with me, he should perceive by the event of that whose King would win: something he answered, and a scuffle was like to grow, when one *Zipetus* offered to helpe him, I--

*Pan.* All this is of thy selfe, I pray thee *Befus* Tell something of my brother, did he nothing?

*Bef.* Why yes, ile tell your Grace, they were not to fight till the word given, which for my owne part, by my troth I confesse I was not to give.

*Pan.* See for his owne part.

*Bac.* I feare yet this fellow's abus'd with a good report.

*Bef.* But I: *Pan.* Still of himselfe.

*Bef.* Cri'd give the word, when as some of them say, *Tigranes* was stooping, but the word was not given then, yet one *Cosroes* of the enemies part, held up his finger to mee, which is as much with us Martialists, as I will fight with you: I sayd not a word, nor made signe during the combate, but that once done.

*Pan.* He slips ore all the fight.

*Bef.* I cald him to me, *Cosroes* said I:

*Pan.* I will heare no more. *Bef.* No, no, I lie.

*Bac.* I dare besworne thou dost.

*Bef.* Captaine, said I, so 'twas.

*Pan.* I tell thee, I will heare no further.

*Bef.* No? your Grace will wish you had.

*Pan.* I will not wish it, what is this the Lady  
My brother writes to me to take?

*Bef.* And please your grace this is she: Charge will you  
come

## A King, and no King.

come neere the Princeſſe?

*Pan.* You'r welcome from your Countrey, and this Land  
Shall ſhew unto you all the kindneſſe

That I can make it; what's your name?

*Spa.* *Thaleſtris.*

*Pan.* Y'are very welcome, 'you have got a letter  
To put you to me, that haz power enough  
To place mine enemy here; then much more you,  
That are ſo farre from being ſo to me  
That you nere ſaw me.

*Bef.* Madame, I dare paſſe my word for her truth.

*Spa.* My truth?

*Pan.* Why Captaine, doe you thinke I am afraid ſhee  
ſteale?

*Bef.* I cannot tell, ſervants are ſlippery, but I dare give my  
word for her, and for honeſty, ſhe came along with me, and  
many favours ſhe did me by the way, but by this light, none  
but what ſhe might doe with modeſty, to a man of my ranck.

*Pan.* Why Captaine, her's no body thinks otherwiſe.

*Bef.* Nay, if you ſhould, your grace may thinke your plea-  
ſure; but I am ſure I brought her from *Armenia*, and in all  
that way, if ever I touch'd any bare of her above her knee, I  
pray God I may ſinke where I ſtand.

*Spa.* Above my knee?

*Bef.* No, you know I did not, and if any man will ſay, I  
did, this ſword ſhall answer; Nay, ile defend the reputation  
of my Charge whiſt I live; your Grace ſhall underſtand I  
am ſecret in theſe buſineſſes, and know how to defend a La-  
dies honour.

*Spa.* I hope your Grace knowes him ſo well already,  
I ſhall not need to tell you hee's vaine and fooliſh.

*Bef.* I, you may call me what you pleaſe, but ile defend  
your good name againſt the world; and ſo I take my leave  
of your Grace, and of you my Lord Protector; I am likewiſe  
glad to ſee your Lordſhip well.

*Bac.* O Captaine *Befſus*, I thanke you, I would ſpeake with  
you anon.

*Exit*

*Bef.* When you pleaſe, I will attend your Lordſhip. *Bef.*

*Bac.*



## A King, and no King.

*Bac.* Madam, ile take my leave too.

*Pan.* Good *Bacurius*,

*Gob.* Madam, what vvrites his Majestie to you?

*Pan.* O my Lord,

The kindest words, ile keepe 'em whilst I live,  
Here in my bosome, there's no art in 'em  
They lie disordered in this paper, just  
As hearty nature speakes 'em.

*Gob.* And to me

He writes what teares of joy he shed to heare  
How you were growne in every vertues way,  
And yeelds all thanks to me, for that deare care  
Which I was bound to have in training you,  
There is no Princeesse living that enjoys  
A brother of that worth.

*Pan.* My Lord, no maid longs more for any thing, and feels  
more heat and cold within her brest, then I doe now, in hope  
to see him.

*Gob.* Yet I wonder much at this, he writes, he brings along  
with him, a husband for you, that same captive Prince,  
And if he love you as he makes a shew,  
He will allow you freedome in your choise.

*Pan.* And so he will my Lord, I warrant you,  
He vvill but offer, and give me the power  
To take or leave.

*Gob.* Trust me, vvhere I a Lady, I could not like  
That man were bargain'd with before I choose him.

*Pan.* But I am not built on such wild humours,  
If I finde him worthy, he is not lesse  
Because hee's offred.

*Spa.* 'Tis true, he is not, would he would seeme lesse.

*Gob.* I thinke ther's no Lady can affect  
Another Prince, your brother standing by;  
He doth eclipse mens vertues so vvith his.

*Spa.* I know a Lady may, and more I feare  
Another Lady will.

*Pan.* Would I might see him.

*Gob.* Why so you shall, my busineses are great,  
I will attend you when it is his pleasure to see you.

*Pan.*

## *A King, and no King.*

*Pan.* I thanke you good my Lord.

*Gob.* You will be ready Madam.

*Exit Gob.*

*Pan.* Yes.

*Spa.* I doe beseech you Madam send away  
Your other women, and receive from me  
A few sad words, which set against your joyes  
May make 'em shine the more.

*Pan.* Sirs leave me all.

*Exeunt women.*

*Spa.* I kneele a stranger here to beg a thing  
Unfit for me to aske, and you to grant,  
'Tis such another strange ill-laid-request,  
As if a beggar should intreat a King  
To leave his Scepter, and his Throne to him  
And take his rags to wander o're the world  
Hungry and cold.

*Pan.* That vvere a strange request:

*Spa.* As ill is mine.

*Pan.* Then doe not utter it.

*Spa.* Alas, 'tis of that nature, that it must  
Be utter'd, I, and granted, or I die :  
I am asham'd to speake it, but vvhere life  
Lies at the stake, I cannot thinke her woman  
That will not take something unreasonably  
To hazzard saving of it: I shall seeme  
A strange petitioner, that wish all ill  
To them I beg of, ere they give me ought,  
Yet so I must: I would you were not faire,  
Nor wise, for in your ill consists my good:  
If you were foolish, you would heare my prayer,  
If foule, you had not power to hinder me :  
He would not love you.

*Pan.* What's the meaning of it?

*Spa.* Nay my request is more without the bounds  
Of reason yet: for 'tis not in the power  
Of you to doe, what I would have you grant.

*Pan.* Why then 'tis idle, pray thee speake it out.

*Spa.* Your brother brings a Prince into this land,  
Of such a noble shape, so sweet a grace,  
Sofull of worth withall, that every maide  
That lookes upon him, gives away her selfe

## *A King, and no King.*

To him for ever ; and for you to have  
He brings him: and so mad is my demand,  
That I desire you not to have this man,  
This excellent man, for whom you needs must die,  
If you should misse him, I doe now expect  
You should laugh at me. *Pan.* Trust me I could weepe

Rather, for I have found in all thy words  
A strange disjoynted sorrow. *Spa.* 'Tis by me,  
His owne desire so, that you would not love him.

*Pan.* His owne desire, why credit me *Thalestris*  
I am no common woer : If he shall woe me,  
His worth may be such, that I dare not sweare  
I will not love him ; but if he will stay  
To have me woe him, I will promise thee,  
He may keepe all his graces to himselfe,  
And feare no ravishing from me. *Spa.* 'Tis yet

His owne desire, but when he sees your face,  
I feare it will not be; therefore I charge you  
As you have pittie, stop those tender eares  
From his enchanting voice, close up those eyes,  
That you may neither catch a dart from him,  
Nor he from you ; I charge you as you hope  
To live in quiet, for when I am dead  
For certaine I will walke to visit him

If he breake promise with me: for as fast  
As oath's without a formall ceremony

Can make me, I am to him. *Pan.* Then be fearelesse,  
For if he were a thing 'twixt God and man,  
I could gaze on him ; if I knew it sinne.

To love him without passion : Drie your eies,  
I sweare you shall enjoy him till for me,

I will not hinder you ; but I perceive

Your are not what you seeme : Rise, rise *Thalestris*,

If your right name be so. *Spa.* Indeed it is not,

*Spacovia* is my name ; but I desire

Not to be knowne to other.

*Pan.* Why by me you shall not,  
I will never doe you wrong,



## *A King, and no King.*

What good I can, I will, thinke not my birth  
Or education such, that I should injure  
A stranger Virgin; you are welcome hither,  
In company you wish to be commanded,  
But when we are alone, I shall be ready  
To be your servant.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter three men and a woman.*

1 Come, com, run, run, run.      2 We shall out-goe her.

3 One were better be hang'd, then carry out women fiddling  
to these shewes.      *Wom.* Is the King hard by?

1 You heard he with the bottles said, he thought we should  
come too late: What abundance of people here is?

*Wom.* But what had he in those bottles?

3 I know not.      2 Why Inke Goodman foole.

3 Inke, what to doe?

1 Why the King looke you, will many times call for those  
bottles, and breake his minde to his friends.

*Wom.* Let's take our places, we shall have no roome else.

2 The man told us hee would walke a foote through the  
people.      3 I marry did he.

1 Our shops are well look't to now.

2 S'life, yonder's my master, I thinke.

1 No, 'tis not he.

*Enter a man with two Citizens wives.*

1 *Cit.* Lord, how fine the fields be, what sweeter living 'tis  
in the Countrey?

2 *Cit.* I, poore soules, God help 'em; they live as contented-  
ly as one of us.

1 *Cit.* My husbands cousin would have had me gone into  
the Countrey last yeare, wert thou ever there?

2 *Cit.* I, poore soules, I was amongst 'em once.

1 *Cit.* And what kind of creatures are they, for love of  
God?      2 *Cit.* Very good people God helpe 'em.

1 *Cit.* Wilt thou goe downe with me this summer, when I  
am brought to bed?      2 *Cit.* Alasse, it is no place for us.

1 *Cit.* Why pray thee?

2 *Cit.* Why you can have nothing there, there's no body  
cryes broomes.      1 *Cit.* No?

## *A King, and no King.*

2 *Cit.* No truely, nor milke.

1 *Cit.* Nor milke, how doe they?

2 *Cit.* They are faine to milke themselves i'the countrey.

1 *Cit.* Good Lord: but the people there, I thinke, will bee very durifull to one of us.

2 *Cit.* I, God knows, will they, and yet they do not greatly care for our husbands.

1 *Cit.* Doe they not, alasse? I good faith I cannot blame them: for we doe not greatly care for them our ielves.

*Phillip*, I pray choose us a place.

*Phil.* There's the best forsooth.

1 *Cit.* By your leave good people a little.

3 What's the matter?

*Phil.* I pray you my friend, doe not thrust my Mistresse so, shee's with child.

2 Let her looke to her selfe then, hsz she not had showing enough yer; if she stay shouldring here, shee may haps goe home with a cake in her belly.

3 How now, goodman squiter-breech, why do you leane on me?

*Phil.* Because I will

3 Will you sit sawce-boxe.

1 *Cit.* Looke if one ha' not strooke *Phillip*, come hither *Phillip*, why did he strike thee?

*Phil.* For leaning on him.

1 *Cit.* Why didst thou leane on him?

*Phil.* I did not thinke he would have stroke me.

1 *Cit.* As God save me la, thou'rt as wild as a Bucke, ther's no quarrell but thou'rt at one end or other on't.

3 It's at the first end then, for hee'l nere stay the last.

1 *Cit.* Well slipstring, I shall meete with you.

3 When you will.

1 *Cit.* He give a crowne to meete with you.

3 At a Bawdi-house.

1 *Cit.* I you're full of your rogerie; but if I doe meete you, it shall cast me a fall.

*Flourish.*

*Enter one running.*

4 The King, the King, the King, the King.  
Now, now, now, now.

*Flourish.*

## A King, and no King.

*Flourish. Enter Arbace, Tigranes, the two Kings and Mardonius*

*All.* God preserve your Majesty.

*Arb.* I thanke you all, now are my joyes at full,  
When I behold you safe, my loving Subjects;  
By you I grow, 'tis your united love  
That lifts me to this height :

All the account that I can render you  
For all the love you have bestowed on me,  
All your expences to maintaine my warre,  
Is but a little word, you will imagine  
'Tis slender paiment, yet 'tis such a word,  
As is not to be bought, but with your bloods,  
'Tis peace. *All.* God preserve your Majestie.

*Arb.* Now you may live securely i' your townes,  
Your children round about you; you may sit  
Under your Vines, and make the miseries  
Of other kingdomes, a discourse for you,  
And lend them sorrowes; For your selves, you may  
Safely forget there are such things as teares,  
And you may all, whose good thoughts I have gain'd,  
Hold me unworthy, where I thinke my life  
A sacrifice too great to keepe you thus  
In such a calme estate. *All.* God bleffe your Majestie.

*Arb.* See all good people, I have brought the man  
Whose very name you fear'd, a captive home;  
Behold him, 'tis *Tigranes*; In your heart  
Sing songs of gladnesse, and deliverance.

1. *Cit.* Out upon him. 2. *Cit.* How he lookes.

3. *Wom.* Hang him, hang him.

*Mard.* These are sweet people.

*Tigr.* Sir, you doe me wrong,  
To render me a scorned spectacle  
To common people.

*Arb.* It was so farre from me,  
To meane it so: if I have ought deserv'd,  
My loving Subjects, let me beg of you,  
Not to revile this Prince, in whom there dwells  
Ail worth of which the nature of a man



## *A King, and no King.*

Is capable, valour beyond compare,  
The terrour of his name haz stretcht it selfe  
Where ever there is sunne: and yet for you  
I fought with him single, and won him too;  
I made his valour stoope, and brought that name,  
Soard to so unbeliev'd a height, to fall  
Beneath mine: This inspir'd with all your loves,  
I did performe, and well for your content,  
Be ever ready for a greater word.

*All.* The Lord blesse your Maj-estie.

*Tig.* So he haz made me amends now, with a speech in commendation of himselfe: I would not be so vain-glorious.

*Arb.* If there be any thing in which I may  
Doe good to any creature, here, speake out;  
For I must leave you: and it troubles me,  
That my occasions for the good of you,  
Are such as call me from you: else, my joy  
Would be to spend my daies among you all,  
You shew your loves in these large multitudes  
That come to meet me, I will pray for you,  
Heaven prosper you, that you may know old yeeres,  
And live to see your childrens children  
Sit at your boards with plentie: when there is  
A want of any thing, let it be knowne  
To me, and I will be a father so you:  
God keepe you all.

*Flourish, Exeunt Kings and their traine.*

*All.* God blesse your Maj-estie, God blesse your Maj-estie.

1 Come, shall we goe? all's done.

*Wom.* I for Gods sake, I have not made a fire yet.

2 Away, away, all's done.

3 Content, farewell *Philip.*

1 *Cit.* Away you halter-sacke you.

2 *Philip* will not fight, hee's afraid on's face.

*Phil.* I marry am I afraid of my face.

3 Thou wouldst be *Philip*, if thou sawst it in a glasse; it lookes so like a visour.

*Exeunt 2. 3. and women.*

1 *Cit.* You'l be hang'd sirra: Come *Philip* walke atore us home-

## *A King, and no King.*

homewards; did not his Majestie say he had brought us home  
Pease for all our money?

2 *Cit.* Yes marrie did he.

1 *Cit.* The're are the first I heard on this yeere by my troth,  
I long'd for some of 'em: did he not say we should have some?

2 *Cit.* Yes, and so we shall anon I warrant you have every  
one a pecke brought home to our houses.

### *Actus Tertius.*

*Enter Arbaces and Gobrias.*

*Arb.* MY Sister take it ill?

*Gob.* Not very ill,  
Something unkindly she does take it, Sir,  
To have her husband chosen to her hands.

*Arb.* Why *Gobrias* let her, I must have her know  
My will, and not her owne, must governe her:  
What will she marry with some slave at home?

*Gob.* O she is far from any stubbornnesse,  
You much mistake her, and no doubt will like  
Where you will have her; but when you behold her,  
You will be loath to part with such a jewell.

*Arb.* To part with her, why *Gobrias*, art thou mad?  
Shee is my sister. *Gob.* Sir, I know she is:  
But it were pittie to make poore our Land  
With such a beauty, to enrich another.

*Arb.* Pish, will she have him?

*Gob.* I doe hope she will not, I thinke she will fir.

*Arb.* Were she my Father, and my Mother too,  
And all the names for which we thinke folks friends,  
She should be forc't to have him when I know  
'Tis fit: I will not heare her say she's loath.

*Gob.* Heaven bring my purpose luckily to passe,  
You know 'tis just, she will not need contraint  
She loves you so.

*Arb.* How does she love me, speake?

*Gob.* She loves you more then people love their health,  
That live by labour; more then I could love

A man

## *A King, and no King.*

A man that died for me, if he could live againe.

*Arb.* She is not like her mother then.

*Gob.* O no, when you were in *Armenia*,  
I durst not let her know when you were hurt :  
For at the first on every little scratch,  
She kept her chamber, wept, and could not eate,  
Till you were well, and many times the newes  
Was so long comming, that before we heard  
She was as neere her death, as your health.

*Arb.* Alas poore soule, but yet she must be rul'd ;  
I know not how I shall requite her well.  
I long to see her : have you sent for her,  
To tell her I am ready ?

*Gob.* Sir I have.

*Enter 1 Gent. and Tigranes.*

*1 Gent.* Sir, here is the *Armenian* King.

*Arb.* Hee's welcome.

*1 Gent.* And the Queene-mother, and the Princeesse waite  
without.

*Arb.* Good *Gobrias* bring 'em in.

*Tigranes*, you will thinke you are arriv'd  
In a strange Land, where mothers cast to poyson  
Their onely sonnes ; thinke you you shall be safe ?

*Tigr.* Too safe, I am sir.

*Enter Gobrias, Arane, Panthea, Spaconia, Bacurios,  
Mardonius and Bessus, and two Gentlemen.*

*Ara.* As low as this I bow to you, and would  
As low as is my grave, to shew a minde  
Thankfull for all your mercies.

*Arb.* O stand up,  
And let me kneele, the light will be asham'd  
To see observance done to me by you.

*Ara.* You are my King.

*Arb.* You are my mother, rise ;  
As farre be all your faults from your owne soule,  
As from my memory ; then you shall be  
As white as innocence her selfe.

*Ara.* I came  
Onely to shew my duty, and acknowledge



## A King and no King.

My sorrowes for my sinnes ; longer to stay  
Were but to draw eyes more attentively  
Upon my shame : That power that kept you safe  
From me, preserve you still.

*Ara.* Your owne desires shall be your guide. *Exit Arane.*

*Pan.* Now let me die,  
Since I have seene my Lord the King returne  
In safety, I have seene all good that life  
Can shew me ; I have nere another wish  
For heaven to grant, nor were it fit I should ;  
For I am bound to spend my age to come,  
In giving thanks that this was granted me.

*Gob.* Why does not your Majestie speake ?

*Arb.* To whom ? *Gob.* To the Princeesse.

*Pan.* Alas Sir, I am fearefull you doe looke  
On me, as if I were some loathed thing  
That you were finding out a way to shunne.

*Gob.* Sir, you should speake to her. *Arb.* Ha ?

*Pan.* I know I am unworthy, yet not ill  
Arm'd, with which innocence here I will kneele,  
Till I am one with earth, but I will gaine  
Some words and kindnesse from you.

*Tigr.* Will you speake Sir ?

*Arb.* Speake, am I what I was ?

What art thou that dost creepe into my breast,  
And dar'st not see my face ? shew forth my selfe :  
I feele a paire of fierie wings displa'd  
Hither, from hence ; you shall not tarry there,  
Up, and be gone, if thou beest Love be gone :  
Or I will teare thee from my wounded breast.  
Pull thy lov'd downe away, and with thy quill  
By this right arme drawne from thy wonted wing  
Write to thy laughing Mother i' thy blood,  
That you are Powers beli'd, and all your darts  
Are to be blowne away, by men resolv'd,  
Like dust ; I know thou fear'st my words, away.

*Tigr.* O miserie ! why should he be so slow ?  
There can no falshood come of loving her ;

## A King and no King.

Though I have given my faith; shee is a thing  
Both to be lov'd and serv'd beyond my faith:  
I would he would present me to her quickly.

*Pan.* Will you not speake at all? are you so farre  
From kinde words? yet to save my modestie  
That must talke till you answer, doe not stand.  
As you were dumbe, say something, though it be  
Poison'd with anger, that it may strike mee dead.

*Mard.* Have you no life at all? for manhood sake  
Let her not kneele, and talke neglected thus;  
A tree would finde a tongue to answer her,  
Did she but give it such a lov'd respect.

*Arb.* You meane this Lady: lift her from the earth;  
Why doe you let her kneele so long? alas,  
Madame, your beautie uses to command,  
And not to beg, What is your sute to me?  
It shall be granted, yet the time is short,  
And my affaires are great: but where's my Sister?  
I bad she should be brought.

*Mar.* What is he mad? *Arb.* *Gobrias*, where is she?

*Gob.* Sir. *Arb.* Where is she man?

*Gob.* Who, Sir? *Arb.* Who; hast thou forgot my Sister?

*Gob.* Your Sister, Sir?

*Arb.* Your Sister, Sir? some one that hath a wit, answer;  
where is shee? *Gob.* Doe you not see her there?

*Arb.* Where? *Gob.* There.

*Arb.* There, Where? *Mar.* S'light, there, are you blind?

*Arb.* Which doe you meane, that little one?

*Gob.* No Sir.

*Arb.* No Sir, Why doe you mocke me? I can see  
No other here, but that petitioning Lady.

*Gob.* That's she. *Arb.* Away.

*Gob.* Sir, it is shee. *Arb.* 'Tis false:

*Gob.* Is it?

*Arb.* As hell by heaven, as false as hell,  
My sister: is shee dead? if it be so,  
Speake boldly to me; for I am a man  
And dare not quarrell with Divinitie;

And

## A King and no King.

And doe not thinke to couzen me with this :  
I see you all are mute, and stand amaz'd,  
Fearefull to answer me; it is too true,  
A decreed instant cut's off ev'ry life,  
For which to mourne, is to repine; she di'd  
A Virgin, though more innocent than sheepe,  
As cleare as her owne eyes, and blessednesse  
Eternall waits upon her where shee is :  
I know she could not make a wish to change  
Her state for new, and you shall see me beare  
My crosses like a man; we all must die,  
And shee hath taught us how.

*Gob.* Doe not mistake,  
And vexe your selfe for nothing; for her death  
Is a long life off, I hope: 'Tis shee,  
And if my speech deserve not faith, lay death  
Upon me, and my latest words shall force  
A credit from you.

*Arb.* Which, good *Gobrias*?  
That Lady doest thou meane?

*Gob.* That Lady Sir.  
She is your Sister, and she is your Sister  
That loves you so, 'tis she for whom I weepe  
To see you use her thus. *Arb.* It cannot be.

*Tig.* Pish, this is tedious,  
I cannot hold, I must present my selfe;  
And yet the sight of my *Spaconia*  
Touches me, as a sudden thunder-clap  
Does one that is about to sinne.

*Arb.* Away.  
No more of this; here I pronounce him traitor,  
The direct plotter of my death, that names  
Or thinkes her for my sister, 'tis a lie,  
The most malicious of the world, invented  
To mad your King; he that will say so next,  
Let him draw out his sword, and sheath it here,  
It is a sinne fully as pardonable :  
Shee is no kin to mee, nor shall she be;



## *A King and no King.*

If she were ever, I create her none :  
And which of you can question this ? My power  
Is like the Sea, that is to be obey'd,  
And not disputed with : I have decreed her  
As farre from having part of blood wkh mee,  
As the nak'd Indians ; come and answer me,  
He that is boldest now ; is that my sister ?

*Mar.* O, this is fine.

*Bef.* No marrie, shee is not, and't please your Majestie,  
I never thought she was, she's nothing like you.

*Arb.* No, 'tis true, she is not.

*Mar.* Thou shouldst be hang'd.

*Pan.* Sir, I will speake but once ; by the same power  
You make my blood a stranger unto yours ;  
You may command me dead, and so much love  
A stranger may importune, pray you doe ;  
If this request appeare too much to grant,  
Adopt me of some other Family,  
By your unquestion'd word ; else I shall live  
Like sinfull issues that are left in Streets  
By their regardlesse Mothers, and no name  
Will be found for me.

*Arb.* I will heare no more,  
Why should there be such musicke in a voyce,  
And sinne for mee to heare it ? All the world  
May take delight in this, and 'tis damnation  
For me to doe so : You are faire and wise,  
And vertuous I thinke, and he is blest  
That is so neere you as my brother is ;  
But you are nought to mee but a disease ;  
Continuall torment without hope of ease ;  
Such an ungodly sicknesse I have got,  
That he that undertakes my cure, must first  
'Ore-throw Divinitie, all morall Lawes,  
And leave mankinde as unconfin'd as beasts,  
Allowing 'm to doe all actions  
As freely as they drinke when they desire.  
Let me not heare you speake againe ; yet see

I shall

## A King and no King.

I shall but languish for the want of that,  
The having which, would kill mee : No man here  
Offer to speake for her ; for I consider  
As much as you can say ; I will not toile  
My body and my mind too, rest thou there,  
Here's one with in will labour for you both.

*Pan.* I Would I were past speaking.

*Gob.* Feare not Madame,  
The King will alter, 'tis some sudden rage,  
And you shall see it end some other way.

*Pan.* Pray heaven it doe.

*Tig.* Though she to whom I swore, be here, I cannot  
Stifle my passion longer, if my father  
Should rise againe disquieted with this,  
And charge me to forbear, yet it would out,  
Madame, a stranger, and a prisoner begs  
To be bid welcome.

*Pan.* You are welcome, Sir,  
I thinke, but if you be not, 'tis past me  
To make you so : for I am here a stranger,  
Greater then you ; we know from whence you come,  
But I appeare a lost thing, and by whom,  
Is yet uncertaine, found here i'th Court,  
And onely suffer'd to walke up and downe,  
As one not worth the owning.

*Spa.* O, I feare  
*Tigranes*, will be caught, he lookes, me thinkes,  
As he would change his eyes with her ; some helpe  
There is above for me I hope.

*Tigr.* Why doe you turne away, and weep so fast,  
And utter things that mis-become your lookes,  
Can you want owning ?

*Spa.* O 'tis certaine so.

*Tigr.* Acknowledge your selfe mine. *Arb.* How now ?

*Tigr.* And then see if you want an owner.

*Arb.* They are talking.

*Tigr.* Nations shall owne you for their Queene.

*Arb.* *Tigranes*, art not thou my prisoner ?

*Tigr.* I am. *Arb.* And who is this ?

## A King and no King.

*Tigr.* She is your sister.      *Arb.* She is so.

*Mar.* Is she so againe? that's well.

*Arb.* And how then dare you offer to change words with her?

*Tigr.* Dare doe it, Why? you brought me hither Sir,  
To that intent.

*Arb.* Perhaps I told you so,  
If I had sworne it, had you so much folly  
To credit it? The least word that she speakes  
Is worth a life; rule your disordered tongue,  
Or I will temper it.      *Spa.* Blest be the breath.

*Tigr.* Temper my tongue; such incivilities  
As these, no barbarous people ever knew:  
You breake the lawes of Nature, and of Nations;  
You talke to me as if I were a prisoner  
For theft; my tongue be temper'd? I must speake  
If thunder checke me, and I will.

*Arb.* You will.      *Spa.* Alas my fortune.

*Tigr.* Doe not feare his frowne, deare Madame, heare me.

*Arb.* Feare not my frowne? but that 'twere base in mee  
To fight with one I know I can o'rcome,  
Again, thou shouldst be conquer'd by mee.

*Mar.* He haz one ranfome with him already; me thinkes  
'Twere good to fight double, or quit.

*Arb.* Away with him to prison: Now Sir, see  
If my frowne be regardlesse; Why delay you?  
Seize him *Bacurins*, you shall know my word  
Sweepes like a wind, and all it grapples with,  
Are as the chaffe before it.      *Tigr.* Touch me not.

*Arb.* Helpe there.      *Tigr.* Away.

1 *Gent.* It is in vaine to struggle.

2 *Gent.* You must be forc'd.

*Bac.* Sir, you must pardon us, we must obey.

*Arb.* Why doe you dally there? drag him away  
By any thing.      *Bac.* Come Sir.

*Tigr.* Justice, thou ought'st to give me strength enough  
To shake all these off; This is tyrannie,  
*Arbaces* suttler then the burning Bulls,



## A King and no King.

Or that fram'd *Titans* bed. Thou mightst as well  
Search i'th deepe of *Winter* through the snow  
For halfe sterv'd people, to bring home with thee,  
To shew 'm fire, and send 'm backe againe,  
As use mee thus.

*Arb.* Let him be close *Bacchus*.

*Exit Tig. and Bac.*

*Spa.* I ne're rejoyc'd at any ill to him,  
But this imprisonment : What shall become  
Of me forsaken ? *Gob.* You will not let your sister  
Depart thus discontented from you, Sir.

*Arb.* By no means *Gobrias*, I have done her wrong,  
And made my selfe believe much of my selfe,  
That is not in me : You did kneele to mee,  
Whilest I stood stubborne and regardlesse by,  
And like a god incensed, gave no care  
To all your prayers : behold, I kneele to you,  
Shew a contempt as large as was my owne,  
And I will suffer it, yet at the last forgive me.

*Pan.* O you wrong me more in this,  
Then in your rage you did : you mocke me now.

*Arb.* Never forgive me then, which is the worst  
can happen to me.

*Pan.* If you be in earnest,  
Stand up, and give me but a gentle looke,  
And two kinde words, and I shall be in heaven.

*Arb.* Rise you then to heare ; I acknowledge thee  
My hope, the onely jewell of my life,  
The best of sisters, dearer than my breath,  
A happinesse as high as I could thinke ;  
And when my actions call thee otherwise,  
Perdition light upon mee.

*Pan.* This is better  
Then if you had not frown'd, it comes to me  
Like mercie at the blocke, and when I leave  
To serve you with my life, your curse be with me.

*Arb.* Then thus I doe salute thee, and againe,  
To make this knot the stronger, *Paradise*  
Is there : It may be you are yet in doubt,

This

## A King and no King.

This third kisse blots it out, I wade in sinne,  
And foolishly inrice my selfe along;  
Take her away, see her a prisoner  
In her owne chamber, closely *Gobrias*.

*Pan.* Alas Sir, why?

*Arb.* I must not stay the answer, doe it.

*Gob.* Good Sir. *Arb.* No more, doe it I say.

*Mard.* This is better and better.

*Pan.* Yet heare me speake.

*Arb.* I will not heare you speake,  
Away with her, let no man thinke to speake  
For such a creature; for she is a witch,  
A prisoner, and a Traitor.

*Gob.* Madame, this office grieves me.

*Pan.* Nay, 'tis well the King is pleased with it:

*Arb.* *Bessus*, goe you a long too with her; I will prove  
All this that I have said, if I may live  
So long; but I am desperately sicke,  
For she haz given me poison in a kisse;  
She had't betwixt her lips, and with her eyes  
She witches people; goe without a word.

*Exeunt Gob. Pan. Bes. & Spaconia.*

Why should you that have made me stand in warre  
Like fate it selfe, cutting what threds I pleas'd,  
Decree such an unworthy end of me,  
And all my glories? What am I, alas,  
That you oppose me? if my secret thoughts  
Have ever harbour'd swellings against you,  
They could not hurt you, and it is in you  
To give me sorrow, that will render mee  
Apt to receive your mercy; rather so,  
Let it be rather so, than punish me  
With such unmanly finnes: Incest is in me  
Dwelling already, and it must be holy  
That pulls it thence, where ar't *Mardonius*?

*Mar.* Here Sir.

*Arb.* I pray thee beare me, if thou canst,  
Am I not growne a strange weight?

*Mar.* As

## *A King, and no King.*

*Mar.* As you were.

*Arb.* No heavier?

*Mar.* No fir.

*Arb.* Why, my legs

Refuse to beare my body; O *Mardonius*,  
Thou hast in field beheld me, when thou knowst  
I could have gone, though I could never run.

*Mar.* And so I shall againe.

*Arb.* O no, 'tis past.

*Mar.* Pray you goe rest your selfe.

*Arb.* Wilt thou hereafter when they talke of me,  
As thou shalt heare nothing but infamy,  
Remember some of those things?

*Mar.* Yes, I will.

*Arb.* I pray thee doe: for thou shalt never see me so againe.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Bessus alone.*

*Bes.* They talke of fame, I have gotten it in the warres,  
and will afford any man a reasonable penny-worth: some  
will say, they could be content to have it, but that it is to bee  
atchiev'd with danger; but my opinion is otherwise: for if I  
might stand still in Cannon-prooffe, and have fame fall upon  
mee, I would refuse it: my reputation came principally by  
thinking to runne away, which no body knowes but *Mardonius*,  
and I thinke he conceales it to anger me. Before I went  
to the warres, I came to the Towne a young fellow, without  
meanes or parts to deserve friends; and my empty guts per-  
swaded me to lie, and abuse people for my meate, which I  
did, and they beate me: then would I fast two daies, till my  
hunger cri'd out on me, saile still, then me thought I had a  
monstrous stomacke to abuse 'em againe, and did it. In this  
state I continu'd till they hung me up b'the heeles, and beate  
mee wi' haffe stickes, as if they would have baked me, and  
have cousten'd some body wi' mee for Venison: After this I  
rayl'd, and eate quietly: for the whole Kingdome tooke no-  
tice of mee for a bassel'd whipt fellow, and what I said was  
remembred in mirth but never in anger, of which I was glad, I  
would it were at that passe againe. After this, heaven cald an  
Aunt of mine, that left two hundred pound in a cousins hand



## *A King, and no King.*

for me, who taking me to be a gallant young spirit, raised a company for me with the money, and sent me into *Armenia* with'em : Away I would have runne from them, but that I could get no company, and alone I durst not runne. I was never at battaile but once, and there I was running, but *Mardonius* cudgel'd me ; yet I got loose at last, but was so fraide, that I saw no more then my shoulders doe, but fled with my whole company amongst my enemies, and overthrew'em : Now the report of my valour is come over before me, and they say I was a raw young fellow, but now I am improv'd, a Plague of their eloquence, 'twill cost me many a beating: And *Mardonius* might helpe this too, if he would ; for now they thinke to get honour on me, and all the men I have abus'd call me freshly worthily, as they call it by the way of challenge.

*Enter a Gent.*

3 *Gent.* Good morrow Captaine *Bessus*.

*Bes.* Good morrow sir.

3 *Gent.* I come to speake with you.

*Bes.* You'r very welcome.

3 *Gent.* From one that holds himselfe wrong'd by you some three yeeres since : your worth hee saies is fam'd, and hee doth nothing doubt but you will doe him right, as becomes a souldier.

*Bes.* A pox on 'em, so they crie all.

3 *Gent.* And a slight note I have about me for you, for the delivery of which you must excuse mee ; it is an office that friendship calls upon me to doe, and no way offensive to you ; since I desire but right on both sides.

*Bes.* 'Tis a challenge sir, is it not ?

3 *Gent.* 'Tis an inviting to the field.

*Bes.* An inviting ? O cry you mercy, what a complement he delivers it with ? he might as agreeable to my nature present me poison with such a speech : um um um reputation, um um um call you to account, um um um forc'd to this, um um um with my sword, um um um like a Gentleman, um um um deare to me, um um um satisfaction : 'Tis very well sir, I doe accept it, but hee must awaite an answer this thirteene weekes.

3 *Gent.*

## *A King, and no King.*

*3 Gent.* Why sir, he would be glad to wipe off his staine as soone as he could.

*Bes.* Sir, upon my credit I am already ingag'd to two hundred and twelve, all which must have their staines wip't off, if that be the word before him.

*3 Gent.* Sir, if you be truly ingag'd but to one, he shall stay a competent time.

*Bes.* Upon my faith sir, to two hundred and twelve, and I have a spent body, too much bruised in battell, so that I cannot fight, I must be plaine, above three combats a day: All the kindnesse I can shew him, is to set him resolvedly in my rowle, the two hundred and thirteenth man, which is something, for I tell you, I thinke there will be more after him then before him, I thinke so, pray you commend mee to him, and tell him this.

*3 Gent.* I will sir, good morrow to you. *Exit 3 Gent.*

*Bes.* Good morrow good sir. Certainly my safest way were to print my selfe a coward, with a discovery how I came by my credit, and clap it upon every post; I have received above thirty challenges within these two houres, marry all but the first I put off with ingagement, and by good fortune, the first is no madder of fighting then I, so that that's referred, the place where it must be ended, is foure daies journey off, and our arbitratours are these: Hee haz chosen a Gentleman in travaile, and I have a speciall friend with a quaraine ague, like to hold him these five yeares, for mine: and when his man comes home, wee are to expect my friends health: If they would finde mee challenges thus thicke, as long as I liv'd, I would have no other living; I can make seven shillings a day o'th paper to the Grocers: yet I learne nothing by all these but a little skill in comparing of stiles. I doe finde evidently, that there is some one Scrivener in this Towne, that haz a great hand in writing of Challenges, for they are all of a cut, and fixe of 'em in a hand; and they all end, my reputation is deare to mee, and I must require satisfaction: Who's there? more paper I hope, no, 'tis my Lord *Baculus*, I feare all is not well betwixt us.

## *A King, and no King.*

*Enter Bacchus.*

*Bac.* Now Captaine *Bessus*, I come about a frivolous matter, caus'd by as idle a report: you know you were a coward.

*Bes.* Very right.

*Bac.* And wronged me.

*Bes.* True my Lord.

*Bac.* But now people will call you valiant, desertlessly I thinke, yet for their satisfaction, I will have you fight with me:

*Bes.* O my good Lord, my deepe engagements.

*Bac.* Tell not mee of your engagements, Captaine *Bessus*, it is not to be put off with an excuse: for my owne part, I am none of the multitude that believe your conversion from coward.

*Bes.* My Lord, I seeke not quarrels, and this belongs not to me, I am not to maintaine it.

*Bac.* Who then pray?

*Bes.* *Bessus* the coward wrong'd you.

*Bac.* Right.

*Bes.* And shall *Bessus* the valiant, maintaine what *Bessus* the coward did?

*Bac.* I pray thee leave these cheating tricks, I sweare thou shalt fight with mee, or thou shalt be beate extreemely, and kick'd.

*Bes.* Since you prouoke me thus farte, my Lord, I will fight with you, and by my sword it shall cost me twenty pound, but I will have my leg well a weeke sooner purpotely.

*Bac.* Your leg? Why, what ayles your leg? ile doe a cure on you, stand up.

*Bes.* My Lord, this is not Noble in you.

*Bac.* What dost thou with such a phrase in thy mouth, I will kicke thee out of all good words before I leave thee.

*Bes.* My Lord, I take this as a punishment for the offence I did when I was coward.

*Bac.* When thou wert? confesse thy selfe a coward still, or by this light, ile beate thee into spunge.

*Bes.* Why I am one.

*Bac.* Are you so fir? and why doe you weare a sword then? Come unbuckle quicke.

*Bes.* My Lord.

*Bac.*



## *A King, and no King.*

*Bac.* Unbuckle say, and give it me, or as I live, thy head will  
ake extreemely.

*Bes.* It is a pretty hilt, and if your Lordship take an affe-  
ction to it, with all my heart I present it to you for a new-  
yeares gift.

*Bac.* I thanke you very heartily, sweet Captaine, farewell.

*Bes.* One word more, I beseech your Lordship to render me  
my knife againe.

*Bac.* Marry by all meanes Captaine, cherish your selfe with  
it, and eate hard good Captaine; wee cannot tell whether wee  
shall have any more such: Aduce deere Captaine.

*Exit Bacchus.*

*Bes.* I will make better use of this, then of my sword: A  
base spirit haz this vantage of a brave one, it keepes alwaies  
at a stay, nothing brings it downe, nor beating. I remember  
I promis'd the King in a great audience, that I would make  
my backbiters eate my sword to a knife, how to get another  
sword I know not, nor know any meanes left for me to main-  
taine my credit, but impudence: Therefore I vwill out-swear  
him and all his followers, that this is all that's left uneaten of  
my sword.

*Exit Bessus,*

*Enter Mardonius.*

*Mar.* Ile move the King, hee is most strangely alter'd; I  
gessse the cause I feare too right, heaven haz some secret end  
in't, and 'tis a scourge no question justly laid upon him: He haz  
followed me through twenty roomes; and ever when I stay  
to wait his command, he blushes like a girle, and looks upon  
me, as if modesty kept in his businesse: so turnes away from me,  
but if I goe on, he followes me againe.

*Enter Arba.*

See, here he is. I doe not use this, yet I know, not how, I can-  
not choose but weepe to see him: his very enemies I thinke,  
whose wounds have bred his fame, if they should see him now,  
would finde teares i' their eyes.

*Arb.* I cannot utter it, why should I keepe  
A breast to harbour thoughts, I dare not speake?  
Darknesse is in my bosome, and there lies  
A thousand thoughts that cannot brooke the light:  
How wilt thou vex me vwhen this deed is done?

## A King, and no King.

Conscience, that art afraid to let me name it.

*Mar.* How doe you sir?

*Arb.* Why very well *Mardonius*, how dost thou doe?

*Mar.* Better then you I feare.

*Arb.* I hope thou art; for to be plaine with thee,  
Thou art in hell else, secret scorching flames  
That farre transcend earthly materiall fires  
Are crept into me, and there is no cure,  
Is it not strange *Mardonius*, ther's no cure?

*Mar.* Sir, either I mistake, or there is something hid  
That you would utter to me.

*Arb.* So there is, but yet I cannot doe it.

*Mar.* Out with it sir, if it bee dangerous, I will not shrinke  
To doe you service, I shall not esteeme my life a waightier  
matter then indeed it is, I know 'tis subject to more chances  
then it haz houres, and I were better loose it in my Kings  
cause, then with an ague, or a fall, or sleeping, to a thiefe; as  
all these are probable enough: let me but know what I shall  
doe for you.

*Arb.* It will not out: were you with *Gobrias*.  
And bad him give my sifter all content  
The place affords, and give her leave to send  
and speake to whom shee please?

*Mar.* Yes sir, I was.

*Arb.* And did you to *Bacurius* say as much  
About *Tygranes*?

*Mar.* Yes.

*Arb.* That's all my businesse.

*Mar.* O say not so,  
You had an answer of this before;  
Besides, I thinke this businesse might be utter'd  
More carelesly.

*Arb.* Come, thou shalt have it out; I doe beseech thee  
By all the love thou hast profest to me,  
To se my sifter from me.

*Mar.* Well, and what?

*Arb.* That's all.

*Mar.* That's strange, I shall say nothing to her?

*Arb.* Not a vvord;  
But if thou lovest me, finde some subtile way

## *A King, and no King.*

To make her understand by signes?

*Mar.* But what shall I make her understand?

*Arb.* O *Mardonius*, for that I must be pardon'd.

*Mar.* You may, but I can onely see her then.

*Arb.* 'Tis true;

Beare her this Ring then, and one more advice,

Thou shalt speake to her: tell her I doe love

My kindred all; wilt thou?

*Mar.* Is there no more?

*Arb.* O yes, and her the best;

Better then any brother loves his sister: That's all.

*Mar.* Me thinks this

Need not have beene delivered with such a caution;

He doe it. *Arb.* There is more yet,

Wilt thou be faithfull to me?

*Mar.* Sir, if I take upon me to deliver it, after I heare it,  
He passe through fire to doe it.

*Arb.* I love her better then a brother ought;

Dost thou conceive me?

*Mar.* I hope you doe not sir.

*Arb.* No, thou art dull, kneele downe before her,  
And nere rise againe, till she will love me.

*Mar.* Why, I thinke she does.

*Arb.* But better then she does, another way;  
As wives love husbands.

*Mar.* Why, I thinke there are few wives that love their  
Husbands, better then she does you.

*Arb.* Thou wilt not understand me: is it fit

This should be uttered plainly; take it then

Naked as it is: I would desire her love

Lasciviously, lewdly, incestuously,

To doe a sinne that needs must damne us both,

And thee too: Dost thou understand me now?

*Mar.* Yes, ther's your Ring againe; what have I done  
Dishonestly in my whole life, name it,

That you should put so base a businesse to me?

*Arb.* Didst thou not tell me thou wouldst doe it?

*Mar.* Yes, if I undertooke it, but if all

My



## *A King, and no King.*

My haire were liues, I would not be engag'd  
In such a case to save my last life.

*Arb.* O guilt, ha how poore and weake a thing art thou?  
This man that is my seruaut, whom my breath  
Might blow upon the world, might beate me here  
having this cause, whilst I prest downe vvith sin  
Could not resist him, heare *Mardonius*,  
It was a motion mis-beseeming man,  
And I am sorry for it.

*Mar.* Heaven grant you may bee so: you must understand,  
nothing that you can utter, can remove my love and service  
from my Prince. But otherwise, I thinke I shall not love you  
more. For you are sinfull, and if you doe this crime, you ought  
to have no lawes. For after this, it will be great injustice in  
you to punish any offender for any crime: For my selfe I finde  
my heart too bigge: I feele I have not patience to looke on  
whilst you run these forbidden courses: Meanes I have none  
but your favour, and I am rather glad that I shall loose 'em  
both together, then keepe 'em with such conditions; I shall  
finde a dwelling amongst some people, where though our  
garments perhaps be courser, we shall be richer farre within,  
and harbour no such vices in 'em: the Gods preserve you, and  
mend.

*Arb.* *Mardonius*, stay *Mardonius*, for though  
my present state requires nothing but knaves,  
To be about me, such as are prepar'd  
For every wicked act, yet who does know  
But that my loathed Fate may turne about,  
And I have use for honest men againe:  
I hope I may, I prethee leave me not.

*Enter Bessus.*

*Bes.* Where is the King? *Mar.* There.

*Bes.* An't please your Majestie, ther's the knife.

*Arb.* What knife? *Bes.* The sword is eaten.

*Mar.* Away you foole, the King is serious,  
And cannot now admit your vanities.

*Bes.* Vanities, I'ane no honest man, if my enemies have not  
brought it to this, what doe you thinke I lie?

*Arb.*

## A King, and no King.

*Arb.* No, no, 'tis well *Bessus*, 'tis very well, I'me glad on't.

*Mar.* If your enemies brought it to this, your enemies are Cowards, come, leave the King.

*Bes.* Why, may not valour approach him?

*Mar.* Yes, but he has affaires, depart, or I shall be something unmannerly vwith you.

*Arb.* No, let him stay *Mardonius*, let him stay,  
I have occasion with him very weighty,  
And I can spare you now.

*Mar.* Sir.

*Arb.* Why I can spare you now.

*Bes.* *Mardonius* give way to these state affaires.

*Mar.* Indeed you are fitter for his present purpose. *Exit*

*Arb.* *Bessus*, I should imploy thee, wilt thou do't? *Mar.*

*Bes.* Do't for you, by this ayre I will doe any thing without exception, be it a good, bad, or indifferent thing.

*Arb.* Doe not sweare.

*Bes.* By this light but I will, any thing whatsoever.

*Arb.* But I shall name the thing

Thy conscience will not suffer thee to doe.

*Bes.* I would faine heare that thing.

*Arb.* Why I would have thee get my sister for me;  
Thou understandst me, in a wicked manner.

*Bes.* O you would have a bout with her?

Ile do't, ile do't, i' faith.

*Arb.* Wilt thou, do'st thou make no more on't?

*Bes.* More? no, why is there any thing else? if there be, it shall be done too.

*Arb.* Hast thou no greater sence of such a sinne?

Thou art too wicked for my company,  
Though I have hell within me, thou mai'st yet  
Corrupt me further: pray thee answer me,  
How do I shew to thee after this motion?

*Bes.* Why your Majesty looks as vvell in my opialon, as ever you did since you were borne.

*Arb.* But thou appear'st to me after thy grant,  
The ugliest, loathed detestable thing  
That I have ever met vwith. Thou hast eyes  
Like the flames of *Sulphur*, which me thinks doe dart

## A King and no King.

Infection on me, and thou hast a mouth  
Enough to take me in, where there doe stand  
Foure rowes of yron teeth.

*Bef.* I feele no such thing, but 'tis no matter how I looke,  
I'll do my businesse as well as they that looke better, and when  
this is dispatch'd, if you have a mind to your mother, tell mee,  
and you shall see I'll set it hard.

*Arb.* My mother! heaven forgive me to heare this,  
I am inspir'd with horror: now I hate thee  
Worse than my sinne, which if I could come by  
Should suffer death eternall nere to rise  
In any breast againe. Know I will die  
Langnishing mad, as I resolve, I shall,  
Ere I will deale by such an instrument:  
Thou art too sinfull to imploy in this;  
Out of the World, away.

*Bef.* What doe you meane, Sir?

*Arb.* Hung round with curses, take thy fearefull flight  
Into the desarts, where 'mongst all the monsters  
If thou find'st one so beastly as thy selfe,  
Thou shalt be held as innocent.

*Bef.* Good Sir.

*Arb.* If there were no such instruments as thou,  
We Kings could never act such wicked deeds:  
Secke out a man that mockes Divinity,  
That breakes each precept both of Gods and mans,  
And natures too, and does it without lust,  
Meerely because it is a law, and good,  
And live with him: for him thou canst not spoile.  
Away, I say, I will not doe this sinne.  
I'll presse it here, till it doe breake my breast,  
It heav's to get out, but thou art a sinne,  
And spight of torture I will keepe thee in.

*Exit Bessie.*

### Actus Quartus.

*Enter Gobrias, Panthea, Spaconia.*

*Gob.* **H** Ave you written Madame?

*Pan.* Yes, good Gobrias.

*Gob.*



## A King and no King.

*Gob.* And with a kindnesse, and such winning words  
As may provoke him at one instant feele  
His double fault your wrong, and his owne rashnesse?

*Pan.* I have sent words enough, if words may win him  
From his displeasure; and such words I hope,  
As shall gaine much upon his goodnesse, *Gobrias*,  
Yet fearing they are many, and a womans,  
A poore beliefe may follow, I have woven  
As many truths within 'em to speake for me,  
That if he be but gracious, and receive 'em.

*Gob.* Good Lady, be not fearefull, though he should not  
Give you your present end in this; believe it,  
You shall feele, if your vertue can induce you  
To labour on't, this tempest which I know,  
Is but a poore prooffe 'gainst your patience:  
All those contents, your spirit will arive at,  
Newer and sweeter to you; your Royall brother,  
When he shall once collect himselfe, and see  
How farre he haz beene asunder from himselfe;  
What a meere stranger to his golden temper:  
Must from those roots of vertue, never dying,  
Though somewhat stopt with humour, shot againe  
Into a thousand glories, bearing his faire branches  
High as our hopes can looke at, straight as justice,  
Loaden with ripe contents; he loves you dearly,  
I know it, and I hope I need not farther  
Win you to understand it. *Pan.* I believe it.  
But howsoever, I am sure I love him dearly:  
So dearly, that if any thing I write  
For my enlarging should beget his anger,  
Heaven be a witnesse with me and my faith,  
I had rather live intomb'd here.

*Gob.* You shall not feele a worse stroake than your grieve,  
I am sorry 'tis so sharp, I kisse your hand,  
And this night will deliver this true story,  
With this hand to your brother.

*Pan.* Peace goe with you, you are a good man. *Exit Gob.*  
My *Spacenia*, why are you ever sad thus?

## A King, and no King.

*Spa.* O deare Lady,

*Pan.* Prethee discover not a way to sadnesse,  
Neerer then I have in me, our two sorrowes  
Worke like two eager Hawkes, who shall get highest;  
How shall I less'n thine? for mine I feare  
Is easier knowne then cur'd.

*Spa.* Heaven comfort both,  
And give you happy ends, how ever I  
Fall in my stubborne fortunes.

*Pan.* This but teaches  
How to be more familiar with our sorrowes,  
That are too much our Masters: good *Spaonia*  
How shall I doe you service? *Spa.* Noblest Lady,  
You make me more a slave still to your goodnesse,  
And onely live to purchase thanks to pay you,  
For that is all the businesse of my life, now  
I will be bold, since you will have it so,  
To aske a noble favour of you.

*Pan.* Speake it, 'tis yours, for from so sweet a vertue,  
No ill demand haz issue,

*Spa.* Then ever vertuous, let me beg your will  
In helping me to see the Prince *Tigranes*,  
With whom I am equall prisoner, if not more.

*Pan.* Reserve me to a greater end *Spaonia*,  
*Bacurius* cannot want so much good manners  
As to deny your gentle visitation,  
Though you came onely vvith your owne command.

*Spa.* I know they vvill deny me gracious Madame,  
Being a stranger, and so little fam'd  
So utter empty of these excellencies,  
That tame authoritie; but in you sweet Lady,  
All these are naturall; beside, a power  
Deriv'd immediate from your royall brother,  
Whose least word in you may command the Kingdome.

*Pan.* More then my word *Spaonia*, you shall carry,  
For feare it faile you. *Spa.* Dare you trust a token?  
Madame, I feare I am growne too bold a begger.

*Pan.* You are a pretty one, and trust me Lady

## A King, and no King.

It joyes me, I shall doe a good to you,  
Though to my selfe I never shall be happie :  
Here, take this Ring, and from me as a token  
Deliver it ; I thinke they will not stay you :  
So all your owne desires goe with you Ladie.

*Spa.* And sweet peace to your grace.

*Pan.* Pray heaven I find it.

*Exant.*

*Enter Tigranes, in prison.*

*Tigr.* Foole that I am, I have undone my selfe,  
And with my owne hand turn'd my fortune round.  
That was a faire one: I have childishly  
Plaid with my hope so long, till I have broke it,  
And now too late I mourne for't; O *Spaconia* !  
Thou hast found an even way to thy revenge now,  
Why didst thou follow me like a faint shadow,  
To wither my desires? but wretched foole,  
Why did I plant thee 'twixt the Sunne and me,  
To make me freeze thus? Why did I preferre her  
To the faire Princess? O thou foole, thou foole,  
Thou family of fooles, live like a slave still,  
And in thee beare thine owne hell and thy torment,  
Thou hast deserv'd: Couldst thou find no Lady  
But she that haz thy hopes to put her to,  
And hazard all thy peace? None to abuse,  
But she that lov'd thee ever? poore *Spaconia*,  
And so much lov'd thee, that in honesty  
And honour thou art bound to meet her vertues:  
She that forgot the greatnesse of her griefe  
And miseries, that must follow such mad passions,  
Endlesse and wild as women; She that for thee  
And with thee left her liberty, her name,  
And countrey, you have paid me equall, Heavens,  
And sent my owne rod to correct me with;  
A woman: for inconstancy I'll suffer,  
Lay it on Justice, till my soule melt in me  
For my unmanly, beastly, sudden doting  
Upon a new face: after all my oathes  
Many and strange ones,



## *A King and no King.*

I feele my old fire flame againe and burne  
Softstrong and violent, that should I see her  
Again, the grieve and that would kill me:

*Enter Bacchus and Spaconia.*

*Bac.* Lady,  
Your token I acknowledge, you may passe;  
There is the King.

*Spa.* I thanke your Lordship for it.

*Exit Bac.*

*Tigr.* She comes, she comes, shame hide me ever from her,  
Would I were buried, or so farre remov'd  
Light might not finde me out: I dare not see her.

*Spa.* Nay, never hide your selfe; or were you hid  
Where earth hides all her riches, nere her center;  
My wrongs without more day would light me to you:  
I must speake ere I die; were all your greatnesse  
Doubled upon you, y'are a perjur'd man,  
And onely mighty in your wickednesse  
Of wronging women. Thou art false, false Prince;  
I live to see it, poore *Spaconia* lives  
To tell thee thou art false; and then no more;  
She lives to tell thee thou art more unconstant,  
Than all ill women ever were together;  
Thy faith is firme as raging over-flows,  
That no banke can command; as lasting  
As boyes gay bubbles, blowne i'th aire and broken:  
The wind is fixt to thee, and sooner shall  
The beaten Marriner with his shrill whistle,  
Calme the loud murmure of the troubled maine,  
And strike it smooth againe; then thy soule fall  
To have peace in love with any: Thou art all  
That all good men must hate; and if thy story  
Shall tell succeeding ages what thou wert,  
O let it spare me in it, lest true lovers,  
In pity of my wrongs, burne thy blacke legend.  
And with their curses, shake thy sleeping ashes.

*Tigr.* Oh! oh!

*Spa.* The destinies, I hope, have pointed out  
Our ends, that thou maiest die for love,

Though

## *A King and no King.*

Though not for me; for this assure thy selfe,  
The Princeſſe hates thee deadly, and will ſooner  
Be won to marry with a Bull, and ſafer  
Than ſuch a beaſt as thou art: I have ſtrooke,  
I feare, too deepe; beſhrew me for't, Sir,  
This ſorrow workes me like a cunning frienſhip  
Into the ſame piece wi h it; 'tis aſham'd,  
Alas, I have beene too rugged: Deare my Lord,  
I am ſorry I have ſpoken any thing,  
Indeed I am, that may adde more reſtraint  
To that too much you have: Good Sir, be pleas'd  
To thinke it was a fault of love, not malice;  
And doe as I will doe, forgive it Prince.  
I doe, and can forgive the greateſt ſinnes  
To me you can repent of; pray believe.

*Tigr.* O my *Spaconia*! O thou vertuous woman.

*Spa.* Nay, more, the King Sir.

*Enter Arbaces, Bacurius, Mardonius.*

*Arb.* Have you beene carefull of our noble priſoner,  
That he want nothing fitting for his greatneſſe?

*Bac.* I hope his Grace will quite me for my care Sir.

*Arb.* 'Tis well, royall *Tigranes*, health.

*Tigr.* More than the ſtrictneſſe of this place can give Sir,  
I offer backe againe to great *Arbaces*.

*Arb.* Wee thanke you worthy Prince, and pray excuſe us,  
Wee have not ſeene you ſince your being here,  
I hope your noble uſage haz beene equall  
With your owne perſon: your imprifonment,  
If it be any, I dare ſay is eaſie,  
And ſhall not out-laſt two daies.

*Tigr.* I thanke you;  
My uſage here haz beene the ſame it was,  
Worthy a royall Conquerour. For my reſtraint,  
It came unkindly, becauſe much unlook'd for;  
But I muſt beare it: *Arb.* What Lady's that *Bacurim*?

*Bac.* One of the Princes women, Sir.

*Arb.* I fear'd it, why comes ſhee higher?

*Bac.* To ſpeake with the Prince *Tigranes*.

*Arb.* From

## A King, and no King.

*Arb.* From whom *Bacurins*? *Bac.* From the Princeſſe Sir.

*Arb.* I knew I had ſeene her.

*Mar.* His fit begins to take him now againe,  
'Tis a ſtrange Feaver, and 'twill ſhake us all anone, I feare;  
Would he were well cur'd of this raging folly:  
Give mee the warres, where men are madde, and may talke  
what they liſt, and held the braveſt fellowes; This pelting  
prating peace is good for nothing: drinking's a vertue to't.

*Arb.* I ſee there's truth in no man, nor obedience,  
But for his owne ends, why did you let her in?

*Bac.* It was your owne command to barre none from him,  
Beſide, the Princeſſe ſent her ring Sir, for my warrant.

*Arb.* A token to *Tigranes*, did ſhe not?  
Sir, tell truth. *Bac.* I doe not uſe to lie Sir,  
'Tis no way I eate or live by, and I thinke,  
This is no token Sir.

*Mar.* This combat haz undone him: if he had beene well  
beaten, hee had beene temperate; I ſhall never ſee him hand-  
ſome againe, till he have a Horſe-mans ſtaffe yoak'd thorow  
his ſhoulders, or an arme broke with a bullet.

*Arb.* I am ſtiffled with. *Bac.* Sir.

*Arb.* I know it, as I know thee to be falſe.

*Mar.* Now the clap comes.

*Bac.* You never knew me ſo, Sir, I dare ſpeake it,  
And durſt a worſe man tell me, though my better—

*Mar.* 'Tis well ſed, by my ſoule.

*Arb.* Sirra, you answer as you had no life.

*Bac.* That I feare Sir to loſe Nobly.

*Arb.* I ſay Sir, once againe.

*Bac.* You may ſay what you pleaſe, Sir,  
Would I might doe ſo:

*Arb.* I will Sir, and ſay openly this woman carries letters,  
By my life I know ſhe carries letters, this woman does it.

*Mar.* Would *Beſſus* were here to take her aſide and ſearch  
her, he would quickly tell you what ſhe carried S r.

*Arb.* I have found it out, this woman carries letters.

*Mar.* It this hold, 'twill be an ill world for Bawdes,  
Chamber-maids and Poſt-boyes, I thanke heaven I have none  
but



## A King and no King.

but his letters patents, things of his owne enditing.

*Arb.* Prince, this cunning cannot do't.

*Tigr.* Doe, What Sir? I reach you not.

*Arb.* It shall not serve your turne Prince.

*Tigr.* Serve my turne Sir?

*Arb.* I Sir, it shall not serve your turne.

*Tigr.* Be plainer good Sir.

*Arb.* This woman shall carry no more letters backe to your Love *Panthea*, by heaven she shall not, I say she shall not.

*Mar.* This would make a Saint sweare like a souldier.

*Tig.* This beates me more King, then the blows you gave me.

*Arb.* Take 'm away both, and together let them prisoners be, strictly and closely kept, or *Sirra*, your life shall answer it, and let no body speake with 'm hereafter.

*Tigr.* Well, I am subj<sup>d</sup> to you,  
And must endure these passions:

This is the imprisonment I have look'd for alwaies,

And the deerer place I would chuse. *Exeunt Tig. Spa. Bac.*

*Mar.* Sir, you have done well now.

*Arb.* Dare you reprove it? *Mar.* No.

*Arb.* You must be crossing me.

*Mar.* I have no letters Sir, to anger you,  
But a drie sonnet of my Corporalls

To an old Sutlers wife, and that I'll burne, Sir,

'Tis like to prove a fine age for the Ignorant.

*Arb.* How darest thou so often forfeit thy life?  
Thou know'st 'tis in my power to take it.

*Mar.* Yes, and I know you wonnor, or if you doe, you'll  
misse it quickly. *Arb.* Why?

*Mar.* Who shall tell you of these childish follies

When I am dead? who shall put to his power

To draw those vertues out of a flood of humors,

When they are drown'd, and make 'm shine againe?

No, cut my head off:

Then you may talke, and be believed, and grow worse,

And have your too selfe-glorious temper rot

Into a deepe sleepe, and the kingdome with you,

Till forraine swords be in your throats, and slaughter

## A King and no King.

Be every where about you like your flatterers.  
Doe, kill mee.

*Arb.* Prethee be tamer, good *Mardonius*,  
Thou know'st I love thee, nay I honour thee,  
Believe it good old Souldier, I am thine;  
But I am rack'd cleane from my selfe, beare with me,  
Woot thou beare with me my *Mardonius*? *Enter Gobrias.*

*Mar.* There comes a good man, love him too,  
He's temperate,  
You may live to have need of such a vertue,  
Rage is not still in fashion.

*Arb.* Welcome good *Gobrias*.

*Gob.* My service and this letter to your Grace.

*Arb.* From whom?

*Gob.* From the rich Mine of vertue and beauty,  
Your mournefull Sister.

*Arb.* She is in prison, *Gobrias*, is she not?

*Gob.* She is Sir, till your pleasure to enlarge her,  
Which on my knees I beg. O'tis not fit,  
That all the sweetnesse of the world in one,  
The youth and vertue that would tame wilde Tygers  
And wilder people, that have knowne no manners,  
Should live thus cloistered up for your loves sake,  
If there be any in that noble heart  
To her a wretched Lady, and forlorne,  
Or for her love to you, which is as much  
As nature and obedience ever gave,  
Have pitie on her beauties.

*Arb.* Pray thee stand up; 'Tis true, she is too faire,  
And all these commendations but her owne,  
Would thou had'st never so commended her,  
Or I nere liv'd to have heard it *Gobrias*;  
If thou but knew'st the wrong her beautie does her,  
Thou wouldst in pitie of her be a lyar.  
Thy ignorance haz drawne me wretched man,  
Whither my selfe nor thou canst well tell: O my fate!  
I thinke she loves me, but I feare another  
Is deeper in her heart: How think'st thou *Gobrias*?

*Gob. I*



## A King and no King.

*Gob.* I doe beseech your Grace believe it not,  
For let me perish if it be not false,  
Good Sir reade her Letter.

*Mar.* This Love, or what a diuel it is I know not, begets  
more mischief then a Wake. I had rather be well beaten,  
starv'd, or lowsie, then live within the aire on't. He that had  
scene this brave fellow charge through a grove of pikes but to-  
ther day, and looke upon him now, will ne'r believe his eyes  
again: if he continue thus but two daies more, a Tailor may  
beat him with one hand tied behinde him.

*Arb.* Alas, she would be at liberty.  
And there be thousand reasons *Gobrias*,  
Thousands that will deny't:  
Which if she knew, she would contentedly  
Be where she is, and blesse her vertues for it,  
And me, though she were closer. She would, *Gobrias*,  
Good man indeed she would.

*Gob.* Then good Sir, for her satisfaction,  
Send for her, and with reason make her know  
Why she must live thus from you.

*Arb.* I will, goe bring her to me.

*Exeunt all.*

*Enter Bessus, and two sword-men, and a boy.*

*Bes.* Y'are very welcome both; some stooles there boy.  
And reach a Table; Gentlemen oth' Sword,  
Pray sit, without more complement; begone childe,  
I have bene curious in the searching of you,  
Because I understand you wise and valiant persons.

1 We understand our selves Sir.

*Bes.* Nay Gentlemen, and deare friends oth' Sword,  
No complement I pray, but to the cause  
I hang upon, which in few, is my honour.

2 You cannot hang too much Sir, for your honour,  
But to your cause.

*Bes.* Be wise, and speake truth, my first doubt is, my beating  
by my Prince.

1 Stay there a little Sir, doe you doubt a beating?  
Or have you had a beating by your Prince?

*Bes.* Gentlemen oth' Sword, my Prince has beaten me.

H 3

2 Brother,



## A King and no King.

2 Brother, what thinke you of this case?

1 If he haz beaten him, the case is cleare.

2 If a have beaten him, I grant the case;

But how? we cannot be too subtil in this businesse,  
I say, but how. *Bef.* Even with his royall hand.

1 Was it a blow of love, or indignation?

*Bef.* 'Twas twenty blowes of indignation, Gentlemen,  
Besides two blowes oth' face.

2 Those blowes oth' face have made a new cause on'r,  
The rest were but an horrible rudenesse.

1 Two blowes oth' face, and given by a worse man, I must  
confesse, as the Sword-men say, had turn'd the businesse:  
Marke me brother, by a worse man; but being by his Prince,  
had they beene ten, and those ten drawne teeth, beside the  
hazard of his nose for ever; all this bad beene but favours:  
This is my flat opinion, which I'll die in.

2 The King may doe much Captaine, believe it; for had a  
crackt your scull through like a bottle, or broke a rib or two  
with tossing of you, yet you had lost no honour: This is  
strange you may imagine, but this is truth now Captaine.

*Bef.* I will be glad to embrace it, Gentlemen;  
But how farre may he strike me.

1 There's another:

A new cause rising from the time and distance,  
In which I will deliver my opinion:

He may strike, beat, or cause to be beaten; for these are natu-  
rall to man: your Prince, I say, may beat you, so farre forth as  
his dominion reacheth; that's for the distance; the time, ten  
miles a day, I take it.

2 Brother, you erre, 'tis fifteene mile a day,  
His stage is ten, his bearings are fifteene.

*Bef.* 'Tis the longest, but we subjects must.

1 Be subject to it: you are wise and vertuous.

*Bef.* Obedience ever makes that noble use on'r,  
To which I dedicate my beaten bodie;  
I must trouble you a little further, Gentlemen o'th Sword.

2 No trouble at all to us Sir, if we may  
Profit your understanding; we are bound

By

## A King and no King.

By vertue of our calling, to utter our opinions.  
Shortly, and discreetly.

*Bef.* My forest businesse is, I have beene kick'd.

2 How farre Sir?

*Bef.* Not to flatter my selfe in it all over, my sword fore'd,  
but not lost, for discreetly I render'd it to save that imputation.

1 It shew'd discretion, the best part of valour.

2 Brother, this is a pretty case, pray ponder on't;  
Our friend here haz been kick'd.

1 He haz so brother.

2 Sorely he saies: Now, had hee set downe here  
Upon the meere kicke, t'had beene cowardly.

1 I thinke it had been cowardly indeed.

2 But our friend haz redeem'd it in delivering  
His sword without compulsion; and that man  
That tooke it of him, I pronounce a weake one,  
And his kicks nullities.

A should have kick'd him after the delivery,  
Which is the confirmation of a coward.

1 Brother, I take it, you mistake the question:  
For, say that I were kick'd.

2 I must not say so;

Nor I must not heare it spoke by the tongue of man,  
You kick'd deare brother, you'r merry.

1 But put the case I were kick'd?

2 Let them put it that are things weary of their lives, and  
know not honour; put the case you were kick'd?

1 I doe not say I was kickt.

2 Nor no silly creature that weares his head without a case,  
his soule in a skin coate: You kickt deare brother?

*Bef.* Nay Gentlemen, let us doe what we shall doe,  
Truly and honestly; Good Sirs to the question.

1 Why then I say, suppose your boy kickt, Captaine?

2 The boy may be suppos'd is liable.

1 A foolish forward zeale Sir, in my friend;  
But to the boy, suppose the boy were kickt.

*Bef.* I doe suppose it.

1 Haz your boy a sword?

## A King and no King.

*Bef.* Surely no; I pray suppose a sword too.

1 I doe suppose it; you grant your boy was kick'd then.

2 By no meanes Captaine, let it be suppos'd still; the word grant, makes not for us.

1 I say this must be granted.

2 This must be granted brother?

1 I, this must be granted. 2 Still this must?

1 I say, this must be granted.

2 Give me the must againe, brother, you palter;

1 I will not heare you, waspe.

2 Brother, I say you palter, the must three times together;

I weare as sharpe steele as another man,

And my foxe bites as deepe, musted, my deare brother?

But to the cause againe.

*Bef.* Nay, looke you Gentlemen.

2 In a word, I ha done.

1 A tall man, but intemperate, 'tis great pitie;  
Once more, suppose the boy kick'd. 2 Forward.

1 And being throughly kick'd, laughs at the kicker.

2 So much for us; proceed.

1 And in this beaten scorne, as I may call it,  
Delivers up his weapon; where lies the errour?

*Bef.* It lies i'th beating Sir,  
I found it foure daies since.

2 The errour, and a fore one, as I take it;  
Lies in the thing kicking.

*Bef.* I understand that well, 'tis fore indeed Sir.

1 That is according to the man that did it.

2 There springs a new branch, whose was the foot?

*Bef.* A Lords.

1 The cause is mighty, but had it beene two Lords,  
And both had kick'd you, if you laugh, 'tis cleare.

*Bef.* I did laugh;

But how will that helpe me, Gentlemen?

2 Yes, it shall helpe you if you laught aloud.

*Bef.* As loud as a kick'd man could laugh, I laught Sir:

1 My reason now, the valiant man is knowne  
By suffering and contemning; you have

Enough



## A King and no King.

Enough of both, and you are valiant.

2 If he be sure he haz bin kick'd enough:  
For that brave sufferance you speake of brother,  
Consists not in a beating and away,  
But in a cudgell'd body, from eightene  
To eight and thirry; in a head rebuk'd  
With pots of all size, daggers, stooles, and bed-staves,  
This shoves a valiant man.

Bef. Then I am valiant, as valiant as the proudest,  
For these are all familiar things to mee;  
Familiar as my sleepe, or want of mony,  
All my whole bodi's but one bruisse with beating.  
I thinke I have beene cudgell'd with all nations,  
And almost all religions.

2 Embrace him brother, this man is valiant,  
I know it by my selfe, he's valiant.

1 Captaine, thou art a valiant Gentleman,  
To bide upon, a very valiant man.

Bef. My equall friends oth'Sword, I must request your  
hands to this. 2 'Tis fit it should be.

Bef. Boy, get me some wine, and pen and Inke within:  
Am I cleare Gentleman?

1 Sir, the world haz taken notice what wee have done,  
Make much of your body, for I'll pawne my steele,  
Men will be coyer of their legs hereafter.

Bef. I must request you goe along and testifie to the  
Lord *Bacurins*, whose foote haz strucke mee, how you find  
my cause.

2 We will, and tell that Lord he must be rul'd,  
Or there be those abroad, will rule his Lordship. *Exeunt*

[Enter *Arbaces* at one doore, and *Gob.* and *Panthea* at another,

*Gob.* Sir, here's the Princessse.

*Arb.* Leave us then alone,  
For the maine cause of her imprisonment  
Must not be heard by any but her selfe. *Exit Gob.*  
You'r welcome Sister, and would to heaven  
I could so bid you by another name:  
If you above love not such sinnes as these

## A King and no King.

Circle my heart with thoughts as cold as snow  
To quench these rising flames that harbour here.

*Pan.* Sir, does it please you I should speake?

*Arb.* Please mee?

I more than all the art of Musicke can;  
Thy speech doth please me, for it ever sounds,  
As thou brought'st joyfull unexpected newes;  
And yet it is not fit thou shouldst be heard.

I pray thee thinke so. *Pan.* Be it so, I will,

Am I the first that ever had a wrong  
So farre from being fit to have redresse,  
That 'twas unfit to heare it? I will backe  
To prison, rather than disquiet you,  
And wait till it be fit. *Arb.* No, doe not goe;

For I will heare thee with a serious thought:

I have collected all that's man about me  
Together strongly, and I am resolv'd  
To heare thee largely, but I doe beseech thee,  
Doe not come neerer to mee, for there is  
Something in that, that will undoe us both.

*Pan.* Alas Sir, am I venome? *Arb.* Yes, to me;

Though of thy selfe I thinke thee to be  
In equall a degree of heat, or cold,  
As nature can make: yet as unsound men  
Convert the sweetest and the nourishing'st meats  
Into diseases; so shall I distemper'd,  
Doe thee, I pray thee draw no neerer to me.

*Pan.* Sir, this is that I would: I am of late  
Shut from the world, and why it should be thus,  
Is all I wish to know.

*Arb.* Why, credit me *Panthea*,  
Credit me that am thy brother,

Thy loving brother, and there is a cause  
Sufficient, yet unfit for thee to know,  
That might undoe thee everlastingly,  
Onely to heare, wilt thou but credit this;  
By heaven 'tis true, believe it if thou canst.

*Pan.* Children and fooles are ever credulous,  
And I am both, I thinke, for I believe;

## *A King, and no King.*

If you dissemble; be it on your head;  
Ile backe unto my prison: yet me thinks  
I might be kept in some place where you are;  
For in my selfe, I finde I know not what  
To call it, but it is a great desire  
To see you often.

*Arb.* Fie, you come in a stop, what doe you meane?  
Deare sister, doe not so: Alas *Panthea*.  
Where I am would you be? Why that's the cause  
You are imprison'd, that you may not be  
Where I am.

*Pan.* Then I must indure it sir, Heaven keep you.

*Arb.* Nay, you shall heare the cause in short *Panthea*,  
And when thou hear'st it, thou wilt blush for me,  
And hang thy head downe like a Violet  
Full of the mornings dew: There is a way  
To gaine thy freedome, but 'tis such a one  
As puts thee in worse bondage, and I know,  
Thou wouldst encounter fire, and make a prooffe  
Whether the gods have care of innocence,  
Rather then follow it: Know that I have lost,  
The only difference betwixt man and beast,  
My reason. *Pan.* Heaven forbid.

*Arb.* Nay 'tis gone;  
And I am left as farre without a bound,  
As the wild Ocean, that obeys the winds;  
Each sodaine passion throwes me where it lists,  
And overwhelmes all that oppose my will:  
I have beheld thee with a lustfull eye;  
My heart is set on wickednesse to act,  
Such sins with thee, as I have beene afraid  
To thinke of, if thou dar'st consent to this,  
Which I beseech thee doe not, thou maist gaine  
Thy liberty, and yeeld me a content;  
If not thy dwelling must be darke and close,  
Where I may never see thee; For heaven knowes  
That laid this punishment upon my pride,  
Thy sight at some time will enforce my madness



## *A King, and no King.*

To make a start scene to thy ravishing;  
Now spit upon me, and call all reproaches  
Thou canst devise together, and at once  
Hurle em against me: for I am a sicknesse  
As killing as the plague, ready to seize thee.

*Paa.* Farre be it from me to revile the King:  
But it is true, that I shall rather choose  
To search out death, that else vvould search out me,  
And in a grave sleepe with my innocence,  
Then vvelcome such a sinne: It is my fate,  
To these crosse accidents I was ordain'd,  
And must have patience; and but that my eyes  
Have more of woman in 'em then my heart,  
I would not weepe; Peace enter you againe.

*Arb.* Farewell, and good *Panthea* pray for me;  
Thy prayers are pure, that I may finde a death  
How ever soone before my passions grow  
That they forget vvhat I desire is sinne;  
For thither they are tending: if that happen,  
Then I shall force thee tho' thou vvart a Virgin  
By vow to heaven, and shall pull a heape  
Of strange, yet uninvented sin upon me:

*Paa.* Sir, I will pray for you, yet you shall know  
It is a fullen fate that governes us,  
For I could vvish as heartily as you  
I were no sister to you, I should then  
Imbrace your lawfull love, sooner then health.

*Arb.* Couldst thou affect me then?

*Paa.* So perfectly,  
That as it is, I nere shall sway my heart,  
To like another.

*Arb.* Then I curse my birth,  
Must this be added to my miseries  
That thou art willing too? is there no stop  
To our full happinesse, but these meere sounds  
Brother and sister?

*Paa.* There is nothing else,  
But these alasse will separate us more  
Then twenty worlds betwixt us.

*Arb.* I have liv'd  
To conquer men, and now am overthrowne

Onely

## *A King, and no King.*

Onely by words, brother and sister : where  
Have those words dwelling : I vwill finde 'em out,  
And utterly destroy 'em; but they are  
Not to be grasp'd: let 'em be men or beasts,  
And I vwill cut 'em from the earth or townes,  
And I vwill raz 'em, and then blow 'em up:  
Let 'em be Seas, and I vwill drinke 'em off,  
And yet have unquencht fire left in my breast:  
Let 'em be any thing but meerely voice.

*Pan.* But 'tis not in the power of any force  
Or pollicie to conquer them.

*Arb. Panthea,* What shall vve doe?  
Shall vve stand firmly here, and gaze our eyes out?

*Pan.* Would I could doe so,  
But I shall vveepe out mine. *Arb.* Accursed man,  
Thou bought'st thy reason at too deere a rate,  
For thou hast all thy actions bounded in  
With curious rules, when every beast is free:  
What is there that acknowledges a kindred  
But vvretched man? Who ever saw the Bull  
Fearefully leave the Heifer that he lik'd  
Because they had one Damme?

*Pan.* Sir, I disturbe you and my selfe too;  
'Twere better I vv ere gone.

*Arb.* I vwill not be so foolish as I was,  
Stay, vve vwill love just as becomes our births,  
No otherwise: brother and sisters may  
Walke hand in hand together; so will we,  
Come nearer: is there any hurt in this?

*Pan.* I hope not.

*Arb.* Faith there is none at all:  
And tell me truly now, is there not one  
You love above me? *Pan.* No by heaven.

*Arb.* Why yet you sent unto *Tygranes*, sister.

*Pan.* True, but for another: for the truth.

*Arb.* No more,  
Ile credit thee, thou canst not lie,  
Thou art all truth.

## *A King, and no King.*

*Pan.* But is there nothing else,  
That we may doe, but onely walke? me thinkes  
Brothers and Sisters lawfully may kisse.

*Arb.* And so they may *Panthea*, so will we,  
And kisse againe too; we were too scrupulous,  
And foolish, but we will be so no more.

*Pan.* If you have any mercy, let me goe  
To prison, to my death, to any thing:  
I feele a sione growing upon my blood,  
Worse then all these, hotter then yours.

*Arb.* That is impossible, what should we doe?

*Pan.* Flie fir, for heavens sake.

*Arb.* So we must away,  
Sin grows upon us more by this delay. *Exeunt severall waies.*

### *Actus Quintus.*

*Enter Mardonius and Lygones.*

*Mar.* Sir, the King haz seene your Commission, and be-  
lieves it, and freely by this warrant gives you power  
to visit Prince *Tigranes*, your Noble Master.

*Lyg.* I thanke his Grace, and kisse his hand.

*Mar.* But is the maine of all your businesse  
Ended in this?

*Lyg.* I have another, but a worse, I am asham'd, it is a  
businesse—

*Mar.* You serue a worthy person, and a stranger I am sure  
you are; you may employ mee if you please without your  
purse, such offices should ever be their owne rewards.

*Lyg.* I am bound to your Noblenesse.

*Mar.* I may have need of you, and then this courtesie,  
If it be any is not ill bestowed:

But may I civilly desire the rest?

I shall not be a hurter, if no helper.

*Lyg.* Sir you shall know I have lost a foolish daughter,  
and with her all my patience pisse'd away.  
By a meane Captaine of your Kings.

*Mar.*



## A King, and no King.

*Mar.* Stay there fir;  
If he have reacht the noble worth of Captaine,  
He may well claime a worthy Gentlewoman,  
Though she were yours, and Noble.

*Lyg.* I grant all that too: but this wretched fellow  
Reaches no further then the empty name  
That serves to feed him; were a valiant,  
Or had but in him any Noble nature  
That might hereafter promise him a good man,  
My cares were so much lighter, and my grave  
A span yet from me.

*Mar.* I confesse such fellowes  
Be in all Royall Camps and have, and must be,  
To make the sinne of coward more detested  
In the meane souldier that with such a foile  
Sets off much valour. By description  
I should now guesse him to you, it was *Bessus*,  
I dare almost with confidence pronounce it.

*Lyg.* 'Tis such a scurvie name as *Bessus*, and now I thinke  
'tis he.

*Mar.* Captaine doe you call him?  
Believe me fir, you have a misery  
Too mighty for your age: A poxe upon him.  
For that must be the end of all his service:  
Your daughter was not mad fir?

*Lyg.* No, would she had beene,  
The fault had had more credit: I would do something.

*Mar.* I would faine counsell you, but to what I know not,  
Hee's so below a beating, that the women  
Finde him not worthy of their distaves, and to hang him,  
Were to cast away a rope;  
Hee's such an ayrie, thin, unbodied coward,  
That no revenge can catch him:  
He tell you fir, and tell you truth; this rascall  
Feares neither God nor man, haz been so beaten:  
Sufferance haz made him wanecoate: he haz had  
Since a was first a slave, at least three hundred daggers  
Set in's head, as little boyes do new knives in hot meate,  
Ther's not a rib in's body a my conscience

## *A King, and no King.*

That haz not bin thrice broken with dry beating :  
And now his sides looke like two wicker Targets,  
Every way bended,

Children will shortly take him for a wall.

And set their stone-bowes in his forehead, Hee is of so base a  
sense, I cannot in a weeke imagine what shall be done to him.

*Lyg.* Sure I have committed some great sinne  
That this fellow should be made my rod,  
I vvould see him, but I shall have no patience.

*Mar.* 'Tis no great matter, if you have not : if a larning of  
him, or such a toy may doe you pleasure fir, he haz it for you,  
and ile helpe you to him : 'tis no newes to him to have a legge  
broke, or a shoulder out, with being turn'd ath' stones like a  
Tanzie: Draw not your sword if you love it; for on my con-  
science his head will breake it : vve use him i'th warres like a  
Ram to shake a wall vvithall; here comes the very person of  
him, doe as you shall finde your temper, I must leave you : but  
if you doe not break him like a Bisket, you are much too blame  
fir.

*Exit Mar.*

*Enter Bessus and the Sword men.*

*Lyg.* Is your name *Bessus*?

*Bes.* Men call me *Captaine Bessus*.

*Lyg.* Then *Captaine Bessus*, you are a ranck rascall, without  
more exordiums, a durty frozen slave; and with the favour of  
your friends here, I will beate you.

*2 Sword.* Pray use your pleasure fir, you seeme to be a Gen-  
tleman.

*Lyg.* Thus *Captaine Bessus*, thus; thus twinge your nose,  
thus kicke, thus tread you.

*Bes.* I doe beseech you yeeld your cause fir quickly.

*Lyg.* Indeed I should have told you that first.

*Bes.* Itake it so.

*1 Sword.* *Captaine*, a should indeed, he is mistaken.

*Lyg.* Sir, you shall have it quickly, and more beating,  
You have stolne away a Lady *Captaine* coward,  
And such an one.

*beates him.*

*Bes.* Hold, I beseech you, hold fir,  
I never yet stole any living thing that had a tooth about it:

*Lyg.*

## *A King, and no King.*

*Lyg.* I know you dare lie.

*Bef.* With none but Summer Whores upon my life fir,  
My meanes and manners never could attempt  
Above a hedge or hey-cocke.

*Lyg.* Sitra, that quies not me, where is this Lady?  
Doe that you do not use to doe; tell truth,  
O by my hand, ile beate your Captaines braines out,  
Wash 'em, and put 'em in againe, that will I.

*Bef.* There was a Lady fir, I must confesse,  
Once in my charge: the Prince *Tigranes* gave her  
To my guard for her safety, how I us'd her,  
She may her selfe report, she's with the Prince now:  
I did but vvaite upon her like a groome,  
Which she vwill testifie I am sure: if not,  
My braines are at your service when you please fir,  
And glad I have 'em for you.

*Lyg.* This is most likely, fir, I aske you pardon,  
And am sorry I was so intemperate.

*Bef.* Well, I can aske no more, you will thinke it strange  
Not to have me beate you at first sight.

*Lyg.* Indeed I would, but I know your godnesse can forget  
Twenty beatings, You must forgive me.

*Bef.* Yes, ther's my hand, goe where you will, I shall thinke  
you a valiant fellow for all this.

*Leg.* My daughter is a Whore,  
I feele it now too sensible; yet I will see her,  
Discharge my selfe from being father to her,  
And then backe to my Countrey, and there die,  
Farewell Captaine.

*Exit Lygo.*

*Bef.* Farewell fir, farewell, commend me to the Gentlewo-  
man I pray.

*1 Sword.* How now Captaine? beare up man:

*Bef.* Gentlemen oth' sword, your hands once mote, I have  
been kicke agen, but the foolish fellow is penitent,  
Haz askt me mercy, and my honour's fate.

*2 Sword.* Wee know that, or the foolish fellow had better  
have kickt his Grandfire.

*Bef.* Confirme, confirme I pray.

*1 Sword.*



## A King, and no King.

*1 Sword.* There be our hands again, but now worth  
Now let him come and say a was not sorry,  
And a sleepes for it.

*Bes.* Alasse good ignorant old man, let him goe,  
Let him goe, these courses will undo him. *Exeunt cleare.*

*Enter Lyganes and Baccarus.*

*Bac.* My Lord your authority is good, and I am glad it is so,  
for my consent would never hinder you from seeing your own  
King, I am a Minister, but not a governour of this state, yonder  
is your King, he leave you. *Exit.*

*Enter Tigranes and Spaconia.*

*Lyg.* There he is indeed,  
And with him my disloyall child.

*Tigr.* I doe perceive my fault so much, that yet  
Me thinks thou shouldst not have forgiven me.

*Lyg.* Health to your Majestie.

*Tigr.* What? good Lyganes, welcome, what businesse  
brought thee hither?

*Lyg.* Severall businesse.  
My publike businesse will appeare by this,  
I have a message to deliver, which  
If it please you so to authorise, is  
An embassage from the Armenian state,  
Unto *Arbaces* for your liberty:  
The offer's there set downe, please you to read it.

*Tigr.* There is no alteration happened  
Since I came thence? *Lyg.* None sir, all is as it was.

*Tigr.* And all our friends are well.

*Lyg.* All very well.

*Spa.* Though I have done nothing but what was good,  
I dare not see my Father, It was fault  
Enough not to acquaint him with that good.

*Lyg.* Madam I should have scene you.

*Spa.* O good sir forgive me.

*Lyg.* Forgive you, why? I am no kint to you, am I?

*Spa.* Should it be measur'd by my meane desert,  
Indeed you are not.

*Lyg.* Thou couldst prate unhappily

Ere

## *A King, and no King.*

Ere thou couldst goe, would thou couldst doe as well,  
And how does your custome hold out here?

*Spa.* Sir?

*Lyg.* Are you in private still, or how?

*Spa.* What doe you meane?

*Lyg.* Doe you rake money? are you come to sell sinne yet?  
perhaps I can helpe you to liberall Clients: or haz not the  
King cast you off yet? O thou vile creature, whose best com-  
mendations is, that thou art a young whore, I would thy Mo-  
ther had liv'd to see this: or rather that I had died ere I had  
seene it: why didst not make mee acquainted when thou wert  
first resolv'd to be a whore?

I would have seene thy hot lust satisfied  
More privately: I would have kept a Dancer,  
And a whole consort of Musicians  
In my owne house, onely to fiddle thee.

*Spa.* Sir, I was never whore.

*Lyg.* If thou couldst not say so much for thy selfe, thou  
shouldst be Carted.

*Tigr.* *Lygones*, I have read it, and I like it,  
You shall deliver it.

*Lyg.* Well sir, I will: but I have private businesse with you.

*Tigr.* Speake, what ist?

*Lyg.* How haz my age deserv'd so ill of you,  
That you can picke no strumpets i'the Land,  
But out of my breed?

*Tig.* Strumpets good *Lygones*.

*Lyg.* Yes, and I wish to have you know, I scorae  
To get a whore for any Prince alive,  
And yet scorne will not helpe me thinkes: My daughter  
Might have beene spar'd, there were enow besides.

*Tigr.* May I not prosper but shees innocent  
As morning light for me, and I dare sweare  
For all the world.

*Lyg.* Why is she with you then?  
Can she waite on you better then your man,  
Haz she a gift in plucking off your stockings,  
Can she make Cawdles well or cut your cornes.  
VVhy doe you keepe her with you? For a Queene  
I know you do contemne her, so should I,

## A King, and no King.

And every subject else thinke much at it.

*Tigr.* Let 'em thinke much, but 'tis more fixe then earth.  
Thou see'st thy Queene there.

*Leg.* Then have I made a faire hand, I cal'd her Whore,  
If I shall speake now as her father, I cannot chuse  
But greatly rejoyce that she shall be a Queene: but if  
I shall speake to you as a States-man, she were more fit  
To be your Whore.

*Tigr.* Get you about your businesse to *Arbaces*,  
Now you talke idly.

*Lyg.* Yes sir, I will goe,  
And shall she be a Queene? she had more wit  
Then her old father, when she ran away:  
Shall she be Queene? now by my troth 'tis fine,  
He dance out of all measure at her wedding:

Shall I not sir? *Tigr.* Yes marry shalt thou.

*Lyg.* He make these withered kexes beate my body  
Two houres together above ground.

*Tigr.* Nay goe, my businesse requires hast.

*Lyg.* Good heaven preserve you, you are an excellent King.

*Spa.* Farewell good Father.

*Lyg.* Farewell sweet veracious daughter  
I never was so joyfull in all my life,  
That I remember: shall she be a Queene?  
Now I perceive a man may weepe for joy,  
I had thought they had lied that said so. *Exit Lyg.*

*Tigr.* Come my deare love.

*Spa.* But you may see another  
May alter that againe. *Tigr.* Urge it no more,  
I have made up a new strong constancy,  
Not to be shooke with eyes: I know I have  
The passions of a man, but if I meete  
With any subject that should hold my eyes  
More firmly then is fir, he thinke of thee,  
And run away from it: let that suffice. *Exit Spa.*

*Enter Bacurim and his servants.*

*Bac.* Three Gentlemen without to speake with me?

*Ser.* Yes sir.

*Bac.* Let them come in.

*Enter*



## *A King, and no King.*

*Enter Bessus with the two Swordmen.*

*Sir.* They are entred sir alreadie.

*Bac.* Now fellows, your busines? are these the Gentlemen?

*Bes.* My Lord, I have made bold to bring these Gentlemen, my friends at h'sword along with me.

*Bac.* I am afraid youle fight then.

*Bes.* My good Lord, I will not, your Lordship is mistaken;  
*Feare not Lord.* *Bac.* Sir, I am sorry for't.

*Bes.* I aske no more in honour, Gentlemen you heare my Lord is sorrie.

*Bac.* Not that I have beaten you, but beaten one that will be beaten: one whose dull body will require a laming:

As surfeits doe the diet, spring and fall,  
Now to your Sword-men.

What come they for good Captaine Stock-fish?

*Bes.* It seemes your Lordship haz forgot my name.

*Bac.* No, nor your nature neither, though they are things fitter I must confesse for any thing, then my remembrance, or any honest mans? what shall these billets do; be pilde up in my Wood-yard?

*Bes.* Your Lordship holds your mirth still, heaven continue it: but for these Gentlemen, they come.

*Bac.* To sweare you are a coward, spare your booke, I doe believe it.

*Bes.* Your Lordship still drawes vvide, they come to vouch under their valiant hands, I am no coward.

*Bac.* That vwould be a show indeed worth seeing: sirra be wise, and take money for this motion, travaile with it, and where the name of Bessus haz been knowne, or a good coward stirring, 'twill yeeld more then a tilting. This will prove more beneficiall to you, if you be thriftie, then your Captaineship, and more naturall; Men of most valiant hands, is this true?

*2 Sword.* It is so most renowned.

*Bac.* 'Tis somewhat strange.

*1 Sword.* Lord, it is strange, yet true; wee have examined from your Lordships foote there, to this mans head, the nature of the beatings; and we do finde his honour is come off cleane and sufficient: This as our swords shall helpe us.

## *A King, and no King.*

*Bac.* You are much bound to your bil-bow men, I am glad you are straight againe Captaine; 'twere good you would thinke some way to gratifie them, they have under-gone a labour for you *Bessus*, would have puzzeld *Hercules* with all his valour.

*2 Sword.* Your Lordship must understand wee are no men ash' Law, that take pay for our opinions: it is sufficient wee have cleer'd our friend.

*Bac.* Yet there is something due, which I as toucht in conscience will discharge Captaine; ile pay this rent for you.

*Bes.* Spare your selfe my good Lord; my brave friends aime at nothing but the vertue.

*Bac.* That's but a cold discharge fir for the paines.

*2 Sword.* O Lord, my good Lord.

*Bac.* Be not so modest, I will give you something.

*Bes.* They shall dine with your Lordship, that's sufficient.

*Bac.* Something in hand the while, you rogues, you apple-squires: doe you come hither with your botled valour, your windy froth, to limit out my beatings?

*1 Sword.* I doe beseech your Lordship.

*2 Sword.* O good Lord.

*Bac.* S'foot what a beany of beaten slaves are here? get me aoudgell firra, and a tough one.

*2 Sword.* More of your foot, I do beseech your Lordship.

*Bac.* You shall, you shall dog, and your fellow-beagle.

*1 Sword.* A this side good my Lord.

*Bac.* Off with your swords, for if you hurt my foote, Ile have you flead you rascals.

*1 Sword.* Mine's off my Lord.

*2 Sword.* I beseech your Lordship stay a little, my strap's tide to my cod-piece point: now when you please.

*Bac.* Captaine these are your valiant friends, you long for a little too?

*Bes.* I am very well, I humbly thanke your Lordship.

*Bac.* VVhat's that in your pocket, hurts my toe. you mungrell? thy buttockes cannot bee so hard, out with it quickly.

*2 Sword.* Here 'tis fir, a small piece of Artillery, that a gentleman

## A King, and no King.

man a deare friend of your Lordships sent mee with; to get it mended fir, for if you marke, the nose is somewhat loose.

Bac. A friend of mine you rascal? I was never wearier of doing nothing, then kicking these two foot-balls.

*Enter servant.*

Srv. Here's a good cudgell fir.

Bac. It comes too late, I'm weary, pray thee do thou beate them.

2 Sword. My Lord, this is foule play i' faith; to put a fresh man upon us, men are but men fir.

Bac. That j'st shall save your bones; Captaine, rally up your rotten regiment, and be gone; I had rather thrash then bee bound to kicke these rascals, till they cri'd ho; *Bessus* you may put your hand to them now, and then you are quit. Farewell; as you like this, pray, visit me againe, 'twill keepe mee in good health.

*Exit Bac.*

2 Sword. Haz a divelish hard foot, I never felt the like.

1 Sword. Nor I, and yet I am sure I have felt a hundred.

2 Sword. If a kicke thus ith dog-daies, a will be dry foundred: what cure now Captaine; beside oyle of baies?

Bes. VVhy well enough I warrant you, you can goe?

2 Sword. Yes, heaven be thanked; but I feele a shrewd ach, sure haz sprang my huckle-bone.

1 Sword. I ha lost a hanch.

Bes. A little butter, friend a little butter, butter and parseley and a soveraigne matter: *probatum est.*

2 Sword. Captaine wee must request your hand now to our honours.

Bes. Yes marry shall ye, and then let all the world come, we are valiant to our selves, and there's an end.

1 Sword. Nay then we must be valiant; O my ribs.

2 Sword. O my small guts, a plague upon these sharpe-toed shoes, they are murderers.

*Exeunt cleare.*

*Enter Arbaces with his sword drawne.*

Ab. It is resolv'd, I bore it whilst I could,

I can no more.

I must begin

With murder of my friend, and so goe on



## A King, and no King.

To that incestuous ravishing and end  
My life and sine vvith a forbidden blow,  
Upon my selfe. *Enter Mardonius.*

*Mar.* What Tragedy is newre  
That hand vvvas never vvont to draw a sword,  
But it cride dead to something.

*Arb.* *Mardonius* have you bid *Gobrias* come?

*Mar.* How doe you fir?

*Arb.* Well, is a coming.

*Mar.* Why fir, are you thus?  
Why does your hand proclaime a lawlesse warre  
Against your selfe?

*Arb.* Thou answerst me, one question wth another,  
Is *Gobrias* coming?

*Mar.* Sir he is.

*Arb.* Tis well, I can forbear your questions then, be gone.

*Mar.* Sir, I have mark't.

*Arb.* Marke lesse, it troubles you and me.

*Mar.* You are more variable then you were.

*Arb.* It may be so.

*Mar.* Today no Hermit could be humbler  
Then you were to us all.

*Arb.* And vvhat of this?

*Mar.* And now you take new rage into your eyes,  
As you would looke us all out of the Land.

*Arb.* I doe confesse it, will that satisfie?  
I prethee get thee gone.

*Mar.* Sir, I vvill speake.

*Arb.* Will ye?

*Mar.* It is my duty.

I feare you vvill kill your selfe: I am a subject,  
And you shall doe me vvrong in't: 'tis my cause,  
And I may speake.

*Arb.* Thou art not train'd in sin,  
It seemes *Mardonius*: kill my selfe, by heaven  
I will not doe it yet; and when I vvill,  
Ile tell thee then: I shall be such a creature,  
That thou vvilt give me leave without a vvord.  
There is a method in mans wickednesse,  
It growes up by degrees: I am not come

## A King, and no King.

So high as killing of my selfe, there are  
A hundred thousand sinnes cwinke me and I,  
Which I must doe, and I shall come to't at last;  
But take my oath not now, be satisfied,  
And get thee hence.

*Mar.* I am sorry 'tis so ill.

*Arb.* Be sorry then,  
True sorrow is alone, grieve by thy selfe.

*Mar.* I pray you let me see your sword put up  
Before I goe: ile leave you then.

*Arb.* Why so?

What folly is this in thee, is it not  
As apt to mischief as it was before?  
Can I not reach it thinkst thou? these are toys  
For children to be pleas'd with, and not men,  
Now I am safe you thinke: I would the booke  
Of fate were here, my sword is not so sure,  
But I should get it out and mangle that  
That all the destinies should quite forget  
Their fixt decrees, and hast to make us new,  
For other fortunes, mine could not be worse,  
Wilt thou now leave me?

*Mar.* Heaven put into your bosom true repentance thoughts,  
Ile leave you though I must.

*Arb.* Goe, thou art honest,  
Why should the hastie errors of my youth  
Be so unpardonable to draw a sinne  
Helplesse upon me?

*Enter Gabriel.*

*Gob.* There is the King, now it is ripe.

*Arb.* Draw neere thou guilty man,  
That art the author of the loadst crime  
Five ages have brought forth, and hearken me  
Curse more incurable, and all the evils  
Mans body or his spirit can receive  
Be vvith thee.

*Arb.* Why do I curse thee? if there be a  
Subtill in curses, that exceedeth death,

## A King, and no King.

His worst wish on thee. Thou hast broke my heart.

*Gob.* How sir have I preserv'd you from a child,  
From all the arrows, malice, or ambition  
Could shoot at you, and have I this for pay?

*Arb.* 'Tis true, thou didst preserve me, and in that  
VVert crueller then hardened murderers  
Of infants and their mothers; thou didst save me  
Only till thou hadst studied out a way  
How to destroy me cunningly thy selfe:  
This was a curious way of torturing.

*Gob.* VVhat doe you meane?

*Arb.* Thou knowst the evils thou hast done to me;  
Dost thou remember all those witching letters  
Thou sent'st unto me to *Armenia*,  
Fill'd with the praise of my beloved sister,  
VVhere thou extol'dst her beauty, what had I  
To doe with that? what could her beauty be  
To me? and thou didst write how well she lov'd me,  
Dost thou remember this? so that I doted  
Something before I saw her.

*Gob.* This is true.

*Arb.* Is it, and when I was return'd thou knowst  
Thou didst pursue it, till thou woundst me in  
To such a strange and unbeliev'd affection,  
As good men cannot thinke on.

*Gob.* This I grant, I thinke I was the cause.

*Arb.* Wert thou? Nay more, I thinke thou meant'st it.

*Gob.* Sir, I hate to lie,

As I love heaven and honesty, I did:  
It was my meaning.

*Arb.* Be thine owne sad judge,  
A further condemnation will not need,  
Prepare thy selfe to die.

*Gob.* Why sir to die? live I shall, and all the evils I have done

*Arb.* Why shouldst thou live? was ever yet offender  
So impudent, that had a thought of mercy  
After confession of a crime like this?  
Get out I cannot where thou hurt'st me in,



## *A King, and no King.*

But I can take revenge, that's all the sweetnesse  
Left for me.

*Gob.* Now is the time, heare me but speake.

*Arb.* No, yet I will be farre more mercifull  
Then thou wert to me; thou didst steale in to me  
And never gav'st me warning: so much time  
As I give thee now, had prevented thee  
For ever. Notwithstanding all thy sinnes,  
If thou hast hope; that there is yet a prayer  
To save thee, turne and speake it to thy selfe.

*Gob.* Sir, you shall know your sins before you doe 'em,  
If you kill me.

*Arb.* I will not stay then.

*Gob.* Know you kill your Father.

*Arb.* How?

*Gob.* You kill your Father.

*Arb.* My Father? though I know't for a lie,  
Made out of feare to save thy stained life:  
The very reverence of the word comes crosse me,  
And ties mine arme downe.

*Gob.* I will tell you that shall heigten you againe, I am thy  
Father, I charge thee heare me.

*Arb.* It it should be so,  
As 'tis most false, and that I should be found  
A bastard issue, the despised fruit  
Of lawlesse lust, I should no more admire  
All my wild passions: but another truth  
Shall be wrung from thee: if I could come by  
The spirit of paine, it should be powr'd on thee,  
Till thou allow'st thy selfe more full of lies  
Then he that teaches thee.

*Enter Aram.*

*Ara.* Turne thee about,  
I come to speake to thee thou wicked man,  
Heare me thou tyrant.

*Arb.* I will turne to thee.  
Heare me thou Strumper; I have blotted out  
The name of Mother, as thou hast thy shame.

## *A King, and no King.*

*Ara.* My shame, thou hast lesse shame then any thing.  
VVhy doest thou keepe my daughter in a prison?  
VVhy doest thou call her sister, and doe this?

*Ara.* Cease thou strange impudence,  
And answer quickly if thou contemnest me,  
This will aske an answer,  
And have it.

*Ara.* Helpe me gentle *Gabriel*.

*Arb.* Guilt dare not helpe guilt though they grow together  
In doing ill, yet at the punishment  
They sever, and each flies the noise of other,  
Thinke not of helpe, answer.

*Ara.* I will, to what?

*Arb.* To such a thing, as if it be a truth  
Thinke what a creature thou hast made thy selfe,  
That didst not shame to doe, what I must blush  
Onely to aske thee: tell me who I am,  
VVhose sonne I am, without all circumstance  
Be thou as hasty as my sword will be  
If thou refusest.

*Ara.* VVhy you are his sonne.

*Arb.* His sonne?

Swear, swear, thou worse then woman damnd.

*Ara.* By all that's good you are.

*Arb.* Then art thou all

That ever was knowne bad, now is the cause  
Of all my strange mis-fortunes come to light:  
What reverence expectst thou from a child  
To bring forth which thou hast offended Heaven,  
Thy husband, and the Land: adulterous witch,  
I know now why thou wouldst have poyson'd me,  
I was thy lust which thou wouldst have forgot:  
Then wicked mother of my finnes, and me,  
Show me the way to the inheritance  
I have by thee: which is a spacious world  
Of impious acts, that I may toone possesse it:  
Plagues rot thee, as thou liv'st, and such diseases,  
As use to pay lust, recompence thy deed.

*Gob.* You doe not know why you curse thus.

*Arb.* Too well.

## *A King, and no King.*

You are a paire of Vipers; and behold  
The serpent you have got; there is no beast  
But if he knew it, has a perrigree  
As brave as mine, for they have more discent  
And I am every way as beastly got,  
As farre without the compasse of Law  
As they.

*Ara.* You spend your rage and words in vaine,  
And raile upon a guesse: heare us a little.

*Arb.* No, I will never heare, but talke away  
My breath, and die.

*Gob.* VVhy, but you are no Bastard.

*Arb.* How's that?

*Ara.* Nor child of mine.

*Arb.* Still you goe on in wonders to me.

*Gob.* Pray you be more patient, I may bring comfort to  
You.

*Ara.* I will kneele,  
And heare with the obedience of a child;  
Good Father speake, I doe acknowledge you,  
So you bring comfort.

*Gob.* First know, our last King, your supposed father  
VVas old and feeble when he married her,  
And almost all the Land as she past hope  
Of issue from him.

*Arb.* Therefore she tooke leave  
To play the vvhore, because the King vvas old:  
Is this the comfort?

*Ara.* VVhat vvill you finde out  
To give me satisfaction, when you finde  
How you have injur'd me? let fire consume me,  
If ever I were whore.

*Gob.* Forbeare these starts,  
Or I will leave you wedded to despaire,  
As you are now: if you can finde a temper,  
My breath shall be a pleasant vvesterne vvind,  
That cooles and blasts not.

*Arb.* Bring it out good Father.



## *A King, and no King.*

He lie, and listen here as reverently  
As to an Angell: if I breath too loud,  
Tell me; for I would be as still as night.

*Gob.* Our King, I say, was old, and this our *Queene*  
Desir'd to bring an heire, but yet her husband  
She thought was past it, and to be dishonest  
I thinke she would not: if she would have beene,  
The truth is, she was watcht so narrowly,  
And had so slender opportunities,  
She hardly could have beene: but yet her cunning  
Found out this way; she faine'd her selfe with child,  
And posts were sent in haste throughout the Land,  
And humble thanks was given in every Church,  
And prayers were made  
For her safe going, and delivery:  
She fain'd now to grow bigger, and perceiv'd  
This hope of issue made her fear'd, and brought  
A farre more large respect from every man,  
And saw her power increase, and was resolv'd,  
Since she believ'd, she could not hay't indeed;  
At least she would be thought to have a child.

*Arb.* Doe I not heare it well: nay I will make  
No noise at all; but pray you to the point,  
Quicke as you can.

*Gob.* Now when the time was full,  
She should be brought to bed, I had a sonne  
Borne, which was you, This the *Queene* hearing of  
Mov'd me to let her have you; and such reasons  
She shewed me, as she knew would tie  
My secrecie, she swore you should be King,  
And to be short, I did deliver you  
Unto her, and pretended you were dead,  
And in mine owne house kept a funerall,  
And had an empty coffin put in earth,  
That night this *Queene* fain'd hastily to labour  
And by a paire of women of her owne,  
Which she had charm'd, she made the world believe  
She was delivered of you. You grew up

## A King, and no King.

As the Kings sonne, till you were fixe yere old;  
Then did the King die, and did leave to me  
Protection of the Realme; and contrary  
To his owne expectation, left this Queene  
Truely with child indeed, of the faire Princeesse  
*Panthea*: then she could have torne her haire,  
And did alone to me, yet durst not speake  
In publike, for she knew she should be found  
A traytor: and her tale would have beene thought  
Madnesse, or any thing rather then truth.  
This was the onely cause why she did seeke  
To poyson you, and I to keepe you safe;  
And this the reason, why I sought to kindle  
Some sparkes of love in you to faire *Panthea*,  
That she might get part of her right againe.

*Arb.* And have you made an end now? is this all?  
If not, I will be still till I be aged,  
Till all my haire be silver.

*Gob.* This is all.

*Arb.* And is it true say you too Maddam?

*Ara.* Yes, heaven knowes it is most true.

*Arb.* *Panthea* then is not my sister.

*Gob.* No.

*Arb.* But can you prove this?

*Gob.* If you will give consent, else who dares goe about it?

*Arb.* Give consent?

Why I will have 'em all that know it rackt,  
To get this from 'em, all that waite without,  
Come in, what ere you be, come in and be  
Partakers of my joy; O you are welcome.

*Enter Beffae Gentlemen, Mardonius, and other Attendants.*

*Arb.* The best newes, nay draw no neerer,  
They all shall heare it, I am found no King.

*Mar.* Is that so good newes?

*Arb.* Yes the happiest newes that ere was heard.

*Mar.* Indeed 'twere well for you  
If you might be a litt'e lesse obai'd.

*Arb.* One call the Queene.

*Mar.* Why she is there.

## A King and no King.

*Arb.* The Queene *Mardianus*? *Panthea* is the Queene,  
And I am plaine *Arbaces*: goe some one,  
She is in *Gobrias* house since I saw you  
There are a thousand things delivered to me,  
You little dreame of.

*Exit a Gent.*

*Mar.* So it should seeme my Lord, what fury's this?

*Gob.* Believe me 'tis no fury, all that he saies is truth.

*Mar.* 'Tis very strange.

*Arb.* Why doe you keepe your hats off Gentlemen?

Is it to me? I sweare it must not be;

Nay, trust me, in good faith it must not be;

I cannot now command you, but I pray you

For the respect you bare me, when you tooke

Me for your King, each man clap on his hat

At my desire.

*Mar.* We will, you are not found

So meane a man, but that you may be cover'd

As well as we, may you not?

*Arb.* O not here,

You may, but not I, for here is my father

In presence.

*Mar.* Where?

*Arb.* Why there: O the whole story

Would be a wildernesse to loose thy selfe

For ever: O pardon me deare Father

For all the idle and unreverent words

That I have spoke in idle moods to you:

I am *Arbaces*, we all fellow-subjects,

Nor is the Queene *Panthea* now my sister.

*Bes.* Why, if you remember fellow-subject *Arbaces*; I told  
you once she was not your sister: I, and she look't nothing  
like you.

*Arb.* I thinke you did good Captaine *Bessus*.

*Bes.* Here will arise another question now amongst the  
Sword-men, whether I be to call him to account for beating  
me, now he is proved no King.

*Enter Lygonus.*

*Mar.* Sir here's *Lygonus*, the agent for the *Armenian* state:

*Arb.* Where is he? I know your businesse good *Lygonus*:

*Lyg.*



## A King, and no King.

**Lyg.** We must have our King againe, and will.

**Arb.** I knew that was your businesse: you shall have  
Your King againe, and have him so againe,  
As never King was had; goe one of you  
And bid *Bacurins* bring *Tigranes* hither;  
And bring the Lady with him, that *Panthea*.  
The *Queene Panthea* sent me word this morning,  
Was brave *Tigranes* Mistrisse.

*Exit two Gent.*

**Lyg.** 'Tis *Spaconia*.

**Arb.** I, I, *Spaconia*.

**Lyg.** She is my daughter.

**Arb.** She is so: I could now tell any thing  
I never heard: your King shall goe so home,  
As never man went.

**Mar.** Shall he goe on's head?

**Arb.** He shall have chariots easier then ayre,  
That I will have invyrted; and oere thinke  
One shall pay any ranome, and thy selfe  
That art the messenger, shall ride before him  
On a horse cut out of an intire Diamond,  
That shall be made to goe with golden wheelles;  
I know not how yet.

**Lyg.** Why I shall be made for ever?  
They belid this King vvith us,  
And said he was unkind.

**Arb.** And then thy daughter,  
She shall have some strange thing, wee'l have the Kingdome  
Sold utterly, and put into a roye,  
VWhich she shall weare about her carelessly  
Some where or other. See the vertuous *Queene*;  
Behold the humblest subject that you have  
Kneele here before you.

*Enter Panthea and 1 Gent.*

**Pan.** VVhy kneele you to me that am your Vassaile?

**Arb.** Grant me one request.

**Pan.** Alas, what can I grant you? what I can, I will.

**Arb.** That you will please to marry me,  
If I can prove it lawfull.

*Pan.*

## A King, and no King.

*Pan.* Is that all?

More willingly then I would draw this ayre.

*Arb.* He kisse this hand in earnest.

*a Gent.* Sir, *Tigranes* is coming though he made it strange  
At first, to see the Princeesse any more.

*Enter Tigranes and Spaconia.*

*Arb.* The Queene

Thou meanest. O my *Tigranes*, pardon me,  
Tread on my necke, I freely offer it,  
And if thou bee'st so given take revenge,  
For I have injur'd thee.

*Tigr.* No, I forgive,  
And rejoyce more that you have found repentance,  
Then I my liberty.

*Arb.* Mayest thou be happy  
In thy faire choise, for thou art temperate.  
You owe no ransom to the state, know that  
I have a thousand joyes to tell you of  
Which yet I dare not utter till I pay  
My thanks to heaven for 'em: Will you goe  
With me and helpe me? pray you doe.

*Tigr.* I will.

*Arb.* Takethen your faire one with you, and your Queene  
Of goodnesse and of us, O give me leave  
To take your arme in mine: Come every one  
That takes delight in goodnesse, helpe to sing  
Lowd thanks for me, that I am prov'd no King.

## FINIS.

